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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLV No. 1894 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — MAY 9 1936

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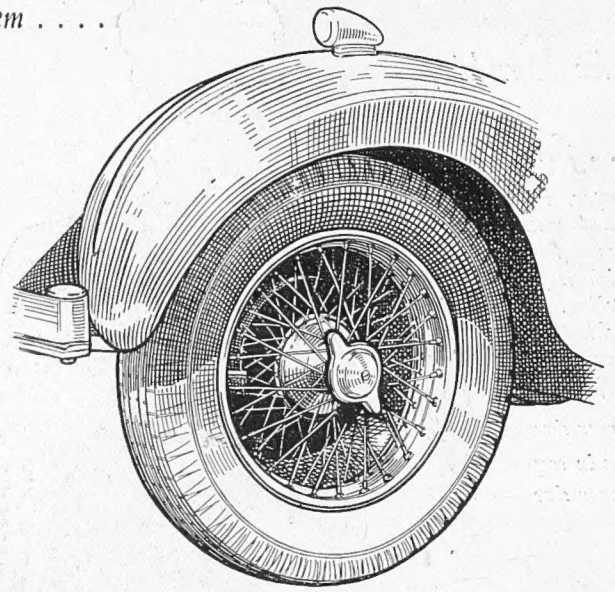

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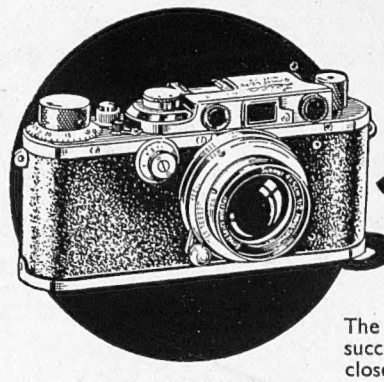

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Volume CXLV No. 1894

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, May 9, 1936

Guardians of the British Legation

The Company of Indian Infantry that has Rendered such Signal Service in Defending European Lives and Interests during the Looting of Addis Ababa

With the flight of the Emperor, consequent upon the collapse of his armies in the face of the gas attacks of Marshal Badoglio's forces, all organised resistance in Ethiopia has come to an end, and with it has terminated another chapter in Africa's history. Before the entry of the Italians this week Addis Ababa knew a reign of terror which its white residents are not likely to efface from their minds for many a day, the looting and incendiarism of the mobs making a shambles of the city and their bellicose attitude endangering the lives of all who crossed their path. Thanks to the foresight of Sir Sydney Barton, the British Minister, however, hundreds of Europeans were brought to safety within the guarded grounds of the Legation, where Major W. F. Charter and his company of Indian Infantry were stationed to protect them, while assistance was also given to the besieged Belgian and U.S. Legations. This company, which arrived in the Ethiopian capital from Poona last autumn, belongs to one of the most famous regiments of the Indian Army, the 5/14 Punjabis, nicknamed the "Forty Thieves" during its service in France in the Great War. It is composed of Pathans from British territory, Punjabi Muhammadans, Sikhs, and Dogras and the men are ideally suited for their present task in that they are used to living at high altitudes

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FAROUK I LEAVES FOR HIS KINGDOM: Egypt's sixteen-year-old king boarding a cross-Channel steamer at Dover at the start of his journey to Cairo following the death of his father. Before his departure from London the young monarch visited King Edward at Buckingham Palace and had a talk that lasted half an hour. He was seen off at Victoria Station by the Duke of Kent and Mr. Anthony Eden. *(See Funeral Pictures on page 228)*

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, May 6, 1936.

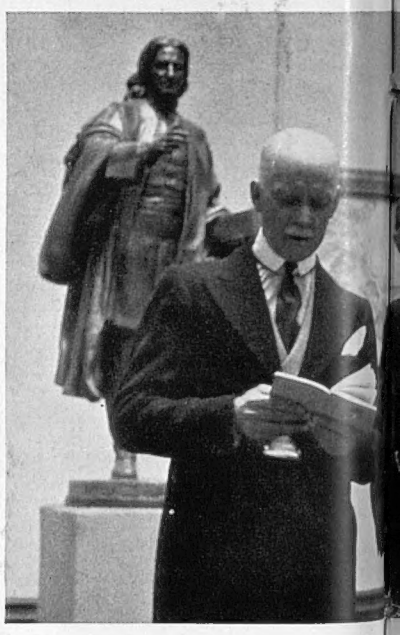
ENCOURAGING T. F. RECRUITMENT. — The Illustrated Newspapers Directorate on May 1 gave a dinner to the entire staff at the Savoy to celebrate the recent occupation of the group's new quarters in St. Bride Street (and as a regular weekly visitor I may say that those quarters strike me as charming; as sunny and airy, yet snug and convenient, as in a congested and noisy capital you will hope to find). The dinner is ancient history now, and in any case (not being a member of the staff) I did not eat it. But I read a report of the chairman's speech, and consider one important reference in it of quite sufficient general importance for a commentary here. He said that the question of national defence had come to be a matter of prime concern to his board in common with all directorates of industrial undertakings, large and small. He urged the younger men on the staff to join the Territorial Force and, because he recognised how very precious are the not unlimited annual holidays, he gave an undertaking that the annual camp period and the necessary hours for attendance at drills and parades outside the annual training period should not (and none of them) be set off against the authorised periods of holidays. This is a bigger concession than we ever received in my Territorial career, and is, I think, a clear proof that employers are very much alive to the vital importance of a full and efficient T.F. The chairman's lead will, I make no doubt, be very widely followed. It is quite a significant straw in the wind.

THE EMPEROR'S FLIGHT. —Haile Selassie ran away at the week-end. He took his heir and family with him and is now well on his way to Haifa. The triumphal entry into Addis Ababa thus ends in bathos and indeed, looting being rife among the followers of rival tribesmen, there may be but a Moscow for Badoglio's heroes to enter. Perhaps it was the Emperor's last shrewd stroke of diplomacy, to rob Badoglio and the great Dictator of their glory by showing the essential rottenness which underlay the constitution of the nation which has so long bravely defended its country by bursts and spasms of determination against hopeless odds. But the implications of that sorry flight—for which none should blame the Emperor until all facts are revealed—are many and grave. For Abyssinia the loss of her independence, for Italy her hollow triumph; and because of that loss and that gain, for Europe and the League a crop of new problems. Aggression has paid on paper, if in future it must pay in paper money; and the failure of the League, as at present constituted and served, smells to Heaven.

THE LIBERAL PARTY.—It was dead and is to live again. It was lost and is to find itself. To me it is good news. I was born in a Liberal household. I can remember the great days of Liberalism, the last days when party politics *mattered* in family life. I can see now Victorian dining rooms where still Gladstone's picture was turned face to the wall and Dizzy's crowned with bays, and vice-versa, and I can remember coming across in an old cupboard a relic of my grandfather—a humble, bedroom utensil with the portrait of the G.O.M. at the bottom. It was a relic from the enemy's camp, for we were Liberals, having been formerly Whigs, and my first conscious memories of political talk were of panegyrics of the G.O.M. by George Russell and Sir Algernon West. When these men spoke of him, their voices took on the reverence with which men speak of sacred and heroic subjects. Such hero worship of politicians has been unknown for a generation and more. Can it return? Not, I think, while the political and economic difficulties which face the world and the nations remain as insoluble as to-day they are, and, even then, not in Britain until a Liberal Party, united and with a clear policy, brings a new meaning and a new dignity to party politics. For too long we have had Government without constructive opposition, and even while the need for National Government remains urgent, preparation for a return to sound party politics is of great importance. Can the Liberal Party revive? At present we have no proof that its crippling differences have been settled. They cannot be settled nor can the party win back its adherence until it has roughed out a clear and definite policy. It has not done so yet and when it gets down to the business, it must consider with infinite care its most important plank—the question of free trade and tariffs. We do not want a Liberal Party sitting on a fence but we do want a Liberal party which, awakened to the fact that the world to-day is not what it was in the 'nineties, is prepared to restate its policy and is not ashamed to adjust its tenets. There was so much in old Liberalism that was fine, and useful and attractive. It will win back thousands of adherents.

BROADCASTING — THE ULLSWATER REPORT. — Criticism in Parliament is mercifully never muzzled. The fact that so little constructively critical of the B.B.C.'s management could be adduced at last week's debate is a feather in the cap of Sir John Reith and his staff. I have never blindly worshipped radio, I have anxiously considered its dangers, while acknowledging its benefits. I can never dismiss the manifest dangers of potted knowledge, facts supplied without spade work by those who receive them, and of educating a generation to seek knowledge and recreation by the simple process of turning on easy and perpetual buttons. But when I taste the radio of other nations, when I picture what depths of vulgarity, shoddy, and mischief British broadcasting might have become in commercial hands, or as a Government controlled and worked department, I am thankful for Sir John's strength of will (which is terrific), his moral courage, his high ideals, and his sense of trusteeship. In an age of cheap-jack, with a public preponderatingly set against knowledge, taste, experience, and philosophy painfully won by individual determination, by sweat and endurance, by humility and sheer keenness, I find that Sir John's compromise is the best to be expected. That I loathe nine-tenths of his programmes proves the measure of the difficulties he has had to face. I am one of the herd he has to drive to market and I daresay one of the most typical products of the stye. I speak as a listener. I know not if there be under his management good cause for grievance among his staff, or in the world of music, or among the Ishmaels of political parties, or in the matter of relay stations. I speak as one who turns on his joy-box and too often turns it off again rather in sorrow than in anger. *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner.*

PRIVATE VIEW DAY AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: Lord and Lady Charnwood who were among the many distinguished visitors to the R.A. Summer Exhibition. *On right* —The Lord Mayor (right of group), Sir Percy Vincent, with Mr. W. R. M. Lamb, C.V.O., secretary of the Academy (centre)



THE CIVIL LIST.—"A nation living on royalties" was an expression I ventured to coin in a recent reference to the Coronation and the reflection which arose from it of the amazing stimulus to trade which the public events connected with the family life of our Royal house have given us in the past decades. When one considers again (taking into account the very different value of money to-day and a century ago) what the nation is asked to pay for the blessing of its constitutional monarchy in 1936, one's dominant feeling is rather thankfulness for

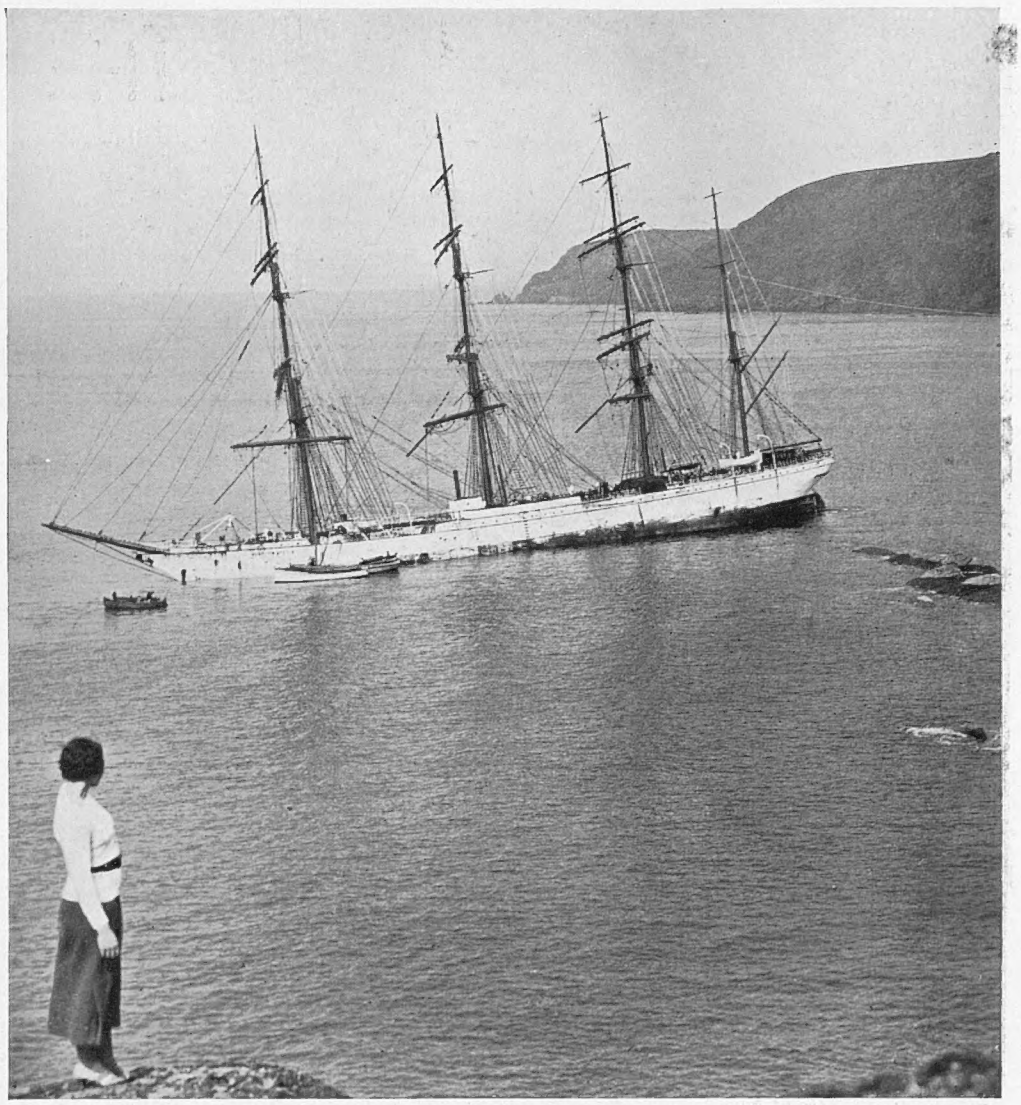
the present than regret for past extravagance. The service to the State of the House of Windsor has long ago wiped out the extravagances of the sons of George III. King George V set the example, in our great economic crisis which followed the war, of cutting down the Civil List to the minimum compatible with the dignity and responsibilities of his high office, and at that time it was reduced by £50,000 a year. King Edward since he succeeded has never ceased to investigate where, in large and small, further retrenchment could be made, and the actual saving to public funds in the new Civil List, allowing for necessary contingencies, now amounts to over £150,000. This result is attained albeit the provision for other members of the Royal Family stands at £50,000 a year more than it did when King George V succeeded in 1910. The conditions and contingencies on which this notable retrenchment rests are, first, the approved economies of the King; and, second, the diversion of part of the income of the Duchy of Cornwall to the necessary addition to the Duke of York's income; to the fact that the King is a bachelor and to the consequent fact that the Duchy revenues remain in his own hands and will be used for the purpose of providing his own privy purse. A century or more ago it was commonly and bitterly and widely said that the royalties lived on the nation. To-day it is fair to say, and is I think widely acknowledged, that the nation lives on its royalties.

On left— TOURING THE GALLERIES: Lord Kennet, formerly Sir Hilton Young, and Lady Kennet whose bust of the Duke of York is one of the features of the sculpture rooms this year, accompanied by their son on private view day at the Academy Exhibition

KING FUAD.—The late King Fuad and the living Emperor of Abyssinia had very little to learn of statecraft. Because the man in the street still understands all too little of the intricacies of (and indeed intrigues by which) the political development and aspirations of Egypt have been pressed forward since the war, he has perhaps been inclined to lay the accent in statecraft on the second syllable. Yet the word "craft" has the noblest meaning primarily, and already several illustrious Englishmen who knew Fuad well have declared that he was a good friend to England. That he needed all the craftsmanship in the world to drive his particular herd to market every schoolboy knows. That he should have been a good friend to England is plain, for Britain placed him where he sat. He was born without prospect of power, and began late in life to practise statecraft. So that it is greatly to his credit that he won through his intense difficulties, his periods of great unpopularity, the long years when Britain and his own country regarded him as a cipher; and despite his unruly ministers, the bitter jealousies and intrigues of parties, and his own extravagance, he died in the purple, having achieved his highest aspiration and showed himself a powerful, a shrewd, and a real ruler of an independent Egypt. His niche in history must wait to be filled until more years have passed, and the benefits obtained by Egypt from his luck and his labours and achievements can be more clearly estimated. His personal triumphs can be reasonably well assessed to-day. His adroitness and shrewdness, his experience and prestige in Egypt will be hard to replace; and his heir and the temporary Council of Regency may well have anxious times to face.

WOMEN IN DIPLOMACY.—

There will be no ambassadresses in our time. The question of the admission of women to diplomatic and consular services has been flirted with politely more than once, and in 1934 was seriously examined by an inter-departmental committee, which last week published its findings. There is a practically unanimous "No, ma'am." Of the many reasons assigned to the decision, none is more obviously sound than that which points out that this branch of the Civil Service is peculiarly international. The decision of one country must depend on the goodwill and approval of others. Britain is far more advanced than many nations along the road of equality of the sexes, and there is yet no majority approval among civilised nations for the admission to diplomacy of women. More contentious points are better passed over. Are women more discreet than men? Are they better able to keep a secret? Are clever women more persuasive than men? Do foreign chancellories dread the intensity and intolerable boredom of a certain type of really clever woman? There are flings and stings and sound answers to all these weapons in the armoury of sex-warfare. But there are no shots in women's lockers to answer the following salvoes: Their disappointment comes at a time when the power of ambassadors has been (relatively) relegated to that of postmaster of a sub-office. The power which wives of ambassadors can still exercise is as great as, or greater than, ever it was, now that the older methods of diplomacy have proved patently inadequate.



AT THE MERCY OF WIND AND WAVE: The famous 3,000-ton windjammer, *Herzogin Cecilie*, one of the largest sailing ships on Lloyd's Register, and many times a winner of the Australia-England grain race, lying on the rocks near Salcombe, Devon, where she foundered recently but was in no immediate danger of breaking up. (*See also notes below, and pictures on page* 235)

WINDJAMMER'S END.—

There is a local tradition down Salcombe way that the strong iron content in the rocks on that shore plays tricks with the compasses of passing ships. The sand banks which adjoin the rocks between Salcombe and Hope Cove have been the grave of many noble vessels including the tea-clipper *Hallowe'en* which foundered there in the '80s. And now the *Herzogin Cecilie*, the queen of a dying race of square-rigged greyhounds, has met the same fate in peculiarly tragic circumstances. She had just returned from Australia in wonderful time. She had overcome all expected risks and unforeseen dangers, and had no more to do than a simple coastal tramp to Ipswich. She fell in with a dense fog and piled up, after being badly holed, on the rocks beyond the sandbank. She is done for now. She taught the trade of the sea to scores of Germans, who fought at Jutland and carried German merchandise across the world. Indeed she was built as a training ship for mercantile cadets. She rode to mast-top higher than the Nelson Column, and was over 100 yards long and of 3,100 tons displacement. She flew the Finnish flag during many of her years of triumph in the grain trade under Captain Erikson, who himself is a romantic figure. Those grain trade racers (none of which carry the British flag to-day) have provided the subject for what is incomparably the best type of British prose narrative—the sea epic. Those who understand the business of driving a square-rigged ship, who are familiar with the sea and its terrors and greatness and majesty can, when they take pen in hand to describe their sufferings and achievements, write with a simple directness which even to-day, when our language is debased, produces prose comparable to that of the Bible translators, of Swift, and of Defoe.

Lady Houston and "Herzogin Cecilie"

It is abundantly easy for the wealthy to be generous, but, sad to say, few large-hearted people have the qualities of mind to fit them for philanthropy. Lady Houston, who has come to be known as "the benefactress of Empire," is a philanthropist in its realist sense, and, by her generosity, she has demonstrated time and time again the careful forethought that lies behind her giving, and her constant concern for our imperial heritage in which she reveals such a robust faith. Those who trouble to analyse Lady Houston's donations will find in each a deep underlying purpose, and it occasioned no surprise this week when she made an offer to pay for the salvage and repair of the *Herzogin Cecilie*, the famous sailing ship, now lying wrecked on the rocks near Salcombe. She was desisous of making a gift of the ship to the Admiralty with a view to its being used as a training vessel, realising, of course, how vital experience in sail is to the young seaman, and how woefully lacking to-day are the opportunities for gaining such experience. Once again, however, Lady Houston's good intentions have been set at naught, and it was a matter for profound regret when Lord Monsell, First Lord of the Admiralty, announced—graciously enough, be it said—that her offer must be declined. The incident called to mind the refusal a few years ago of her proffered gift of £200,000 towards the cost of national defence.

SIR H. AUSTIN'S GIFT TO SCIENCE.—

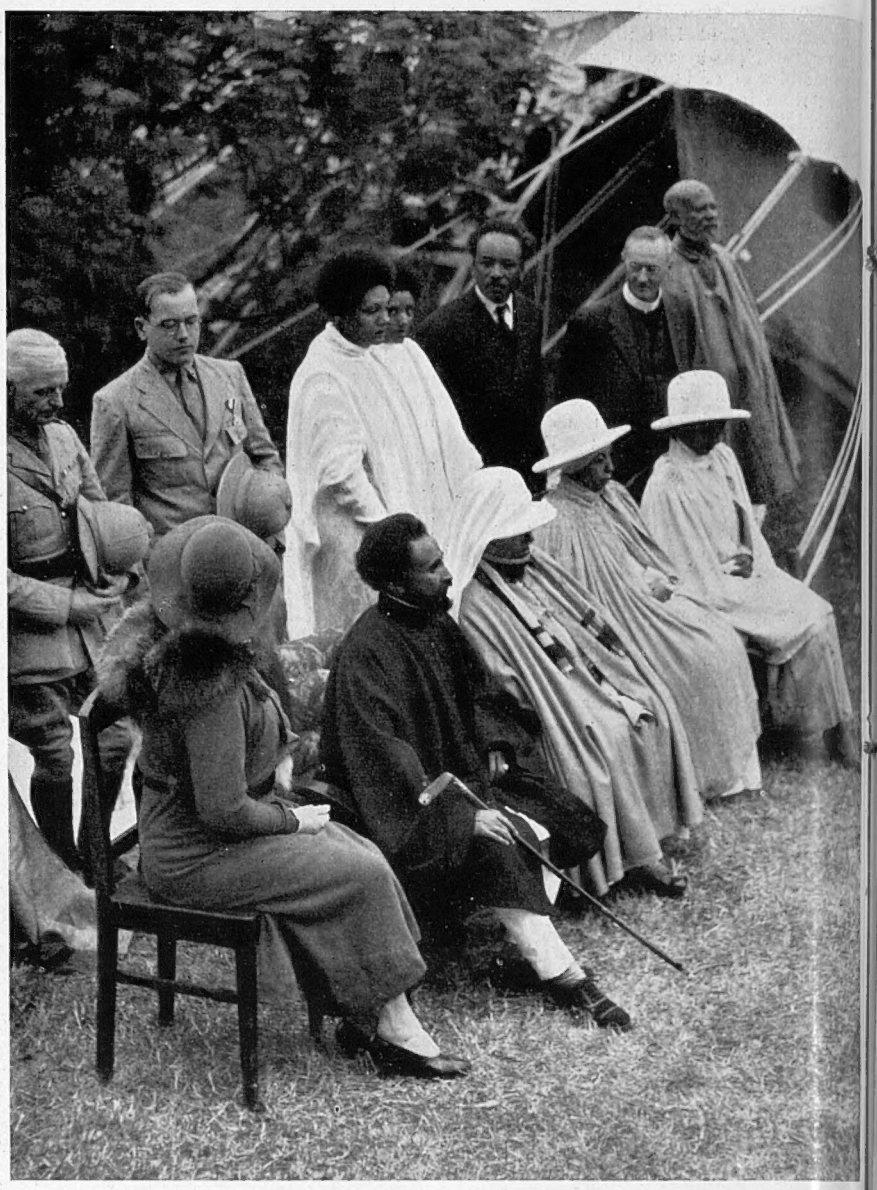
A quarter of a million at one fine swoop is Sir Herbert Austin's gesture of encouragement to scientific research. It stands among the world's records of benefactions. It is made to Cambridge, to the Cavendish Laboratory where formerly Sir J. J. Thomson, and to-day Lord Rutherford with a number of able colleagues have been and are engaged on constant research in physics.

THE OLD STAGER

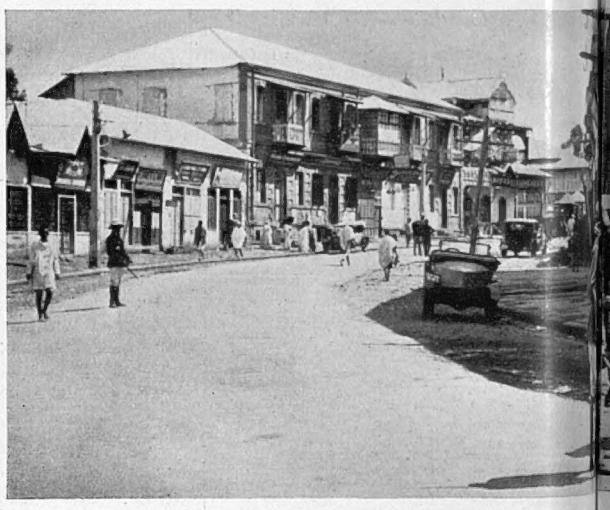
THE END OF A CHAP

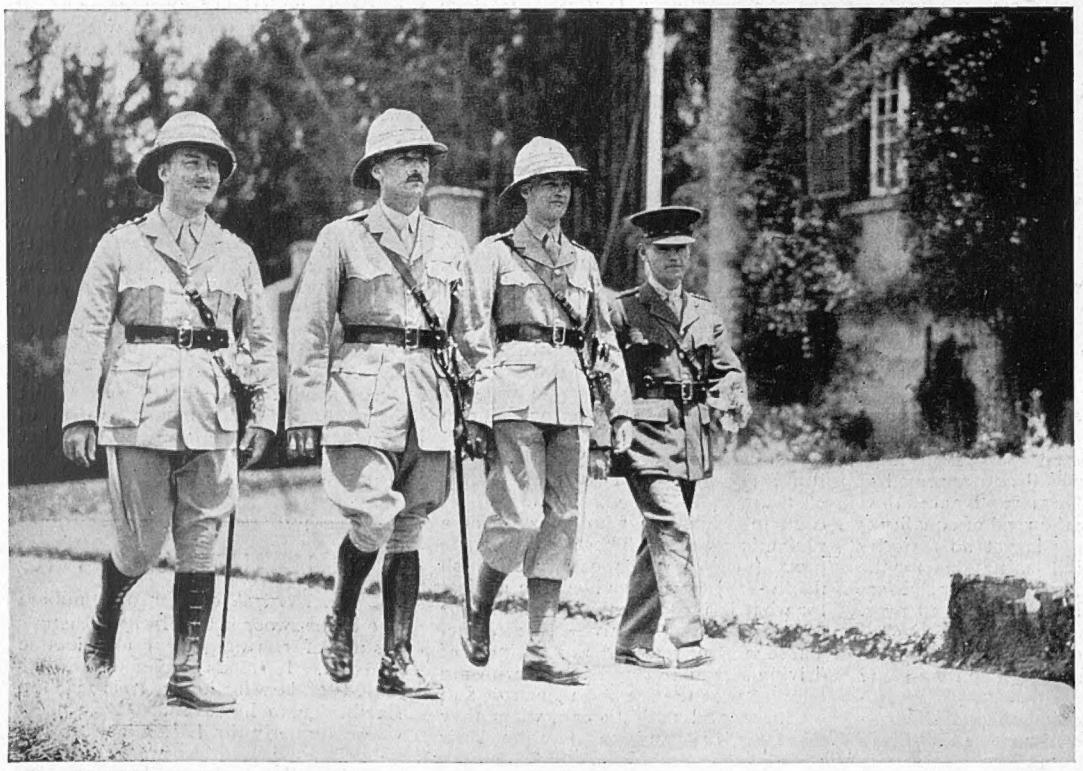
EVIDENCE OF THE CAUSE OF ABYSSINIA'S DEFEAT: Bombs raining on Dessie, the Emperor's headquarters during a large part of the war. It was the constant bombardment by the Italians coupled with their extensive use of mustard gas that resulted in the decimation and demoralisation of the Imperial forces

CHILDREN OF THE EXILED ROYAL HOUSE: *Left*—Prince Makonnen, Duke of Harrar, who is now in his thirteenth year and was, in some quarters, regarded as the Emperor's successor. *Centre*—Four-year-old Prince Sahlé-Selassie at the wheel of his toy car. *Right*—Princess Tsahay who rendered aid as a war nurse

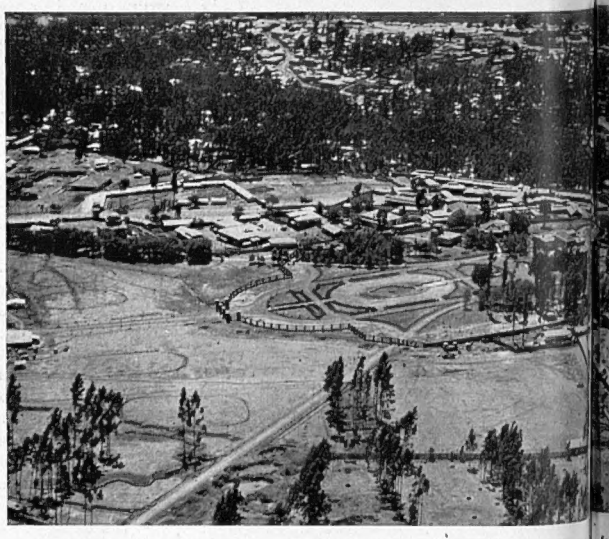


REMINDER OF HAPPIER DAYS: The Emperor Haile Selassie, and the Empress Menen, depicted with European members of their entourage at a function in Addis Ababa. A scene that is never likely to be repeated now that the Royal Family, seeing that all is lost, have fled the country. They are bound for Palestine and embarked on a British warship at Jibuti this week, where they arrived by train from the capital





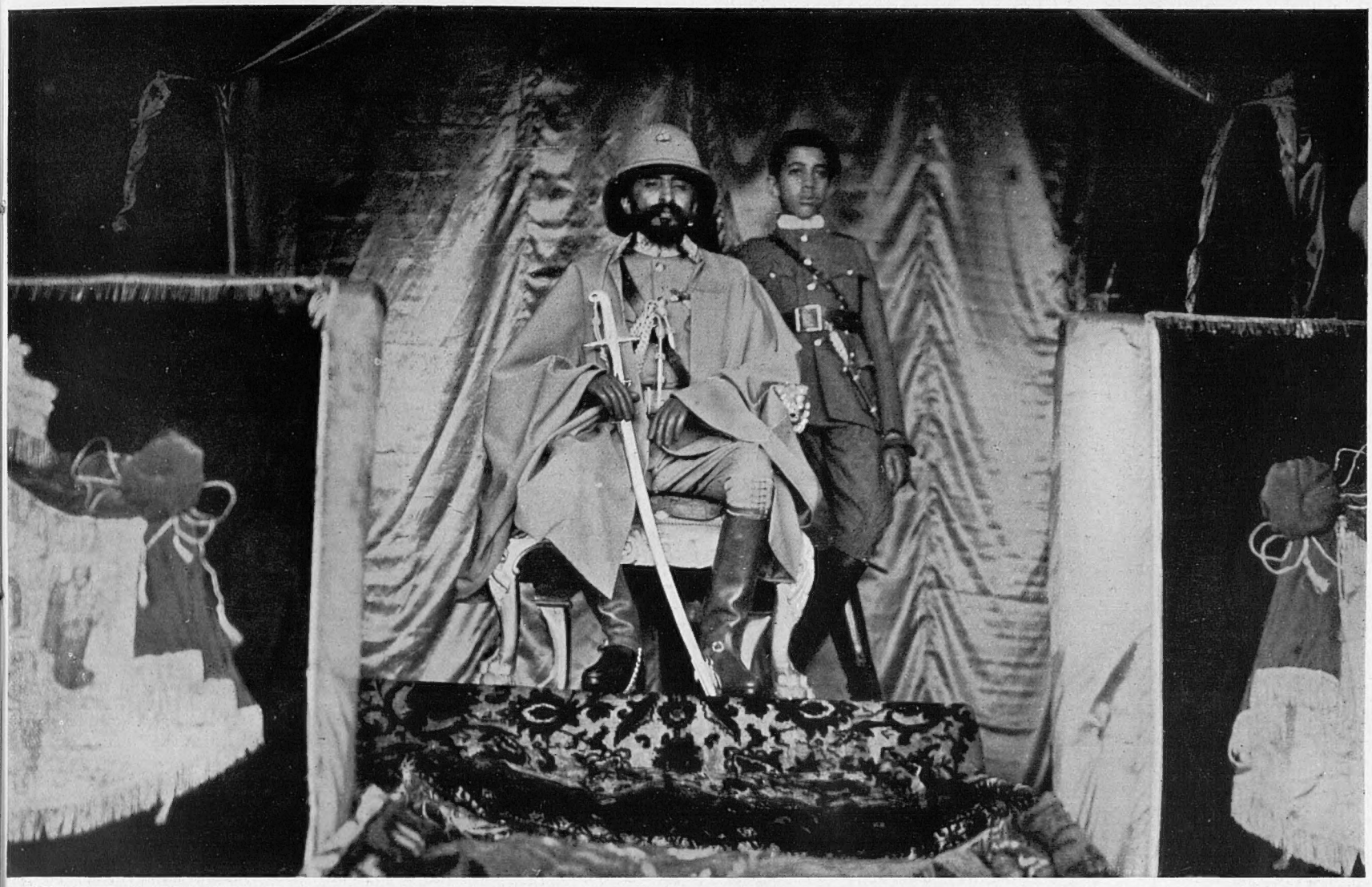
A STROLL IN THE GROUNDS OF THE BRITISH LEGATION: Captain G. A. E. Keene, Major W. F. Charter, M.C., Lieutenant R. A. Anthony, and Captain T. E. Palmer (Indian Medical Service), the officers in charge of the company of Indian infantry which has been guarding Sir Sydney Barton's residence just outside Addis Ababa, and has rendered such admirable service in the past few days in bringing to safety Europeans whose lives were endangered during the looting of the city. Major Charter, the commander, has twenty-one years experience behind him and has been warmly congratulated on his effective disposition of the troops



THE ROYAL PALACE: An aerial view of the new home and i Haile Selassie and completed just in time for the visit ago. Before his flight the Emperor gave orders for th fellow countrymen might clear it of its treasures before th scene in Addis Ababa, the centre of which now presen result of the depredations of the looting mobs that have s

TER IN AFRICAN HISTORY:

The Emperor Quits Abyssinia as Italy's Victorious Armies Advance on the Capital



ENTHRONED IN ADDIS ABABA: The Emperor attending the feast of the Masqual, an annual ceremony that took place in front of St. George's Cathedral and coincided with the conclusion of the rainy season. Standing beside His Majesty is his second son, Prince Makonnen, Duke of Harrar, who has accompanied him into exile, and may possibly come to England to complete his education

beautifully laid-out gardens built by the Crown Prince of Sweden, two years place to be thrown open, so that his arrival of the Italians. *Top*—A street a picture of terrible desolation as a fire to many of the public buildings

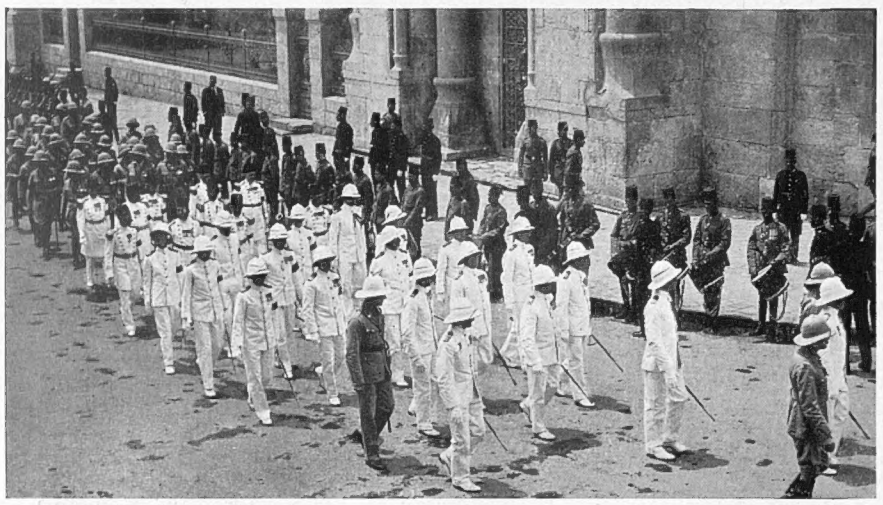
THE EMPRESS MENEN, who nobly assisted her husband in his work during the war, and was particularly active on behalf of the Red Cross. On more than one occasion she attempted to carry out a world broadcast appealing for more effective League of Nations action against the aggressor, but her purpose was foiled by the Italians by a process of "jamming." Her Majesty was born at Dessie in March, 1889, and married Haile Selassie at Harrar in July, 1911, some five years before the latter became Prince Regent and heir-apparent

BRITAIN'S MINISTER IN ADDIS ABABA: Sir Sydney Barton with his wife in the Legation grounds. His Excellency has now been in Abyssinia since 1929, and it is due to his forethought that such elaborate measures were taken to guard his residence—precautions that were amply justified this week when wholesale looting commenced

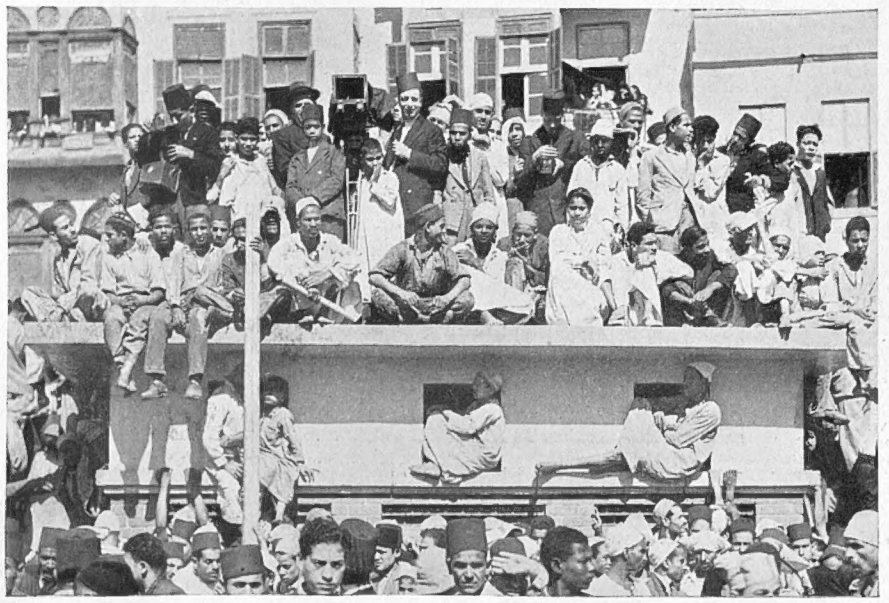
THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE KING FUAD OF EGYPT

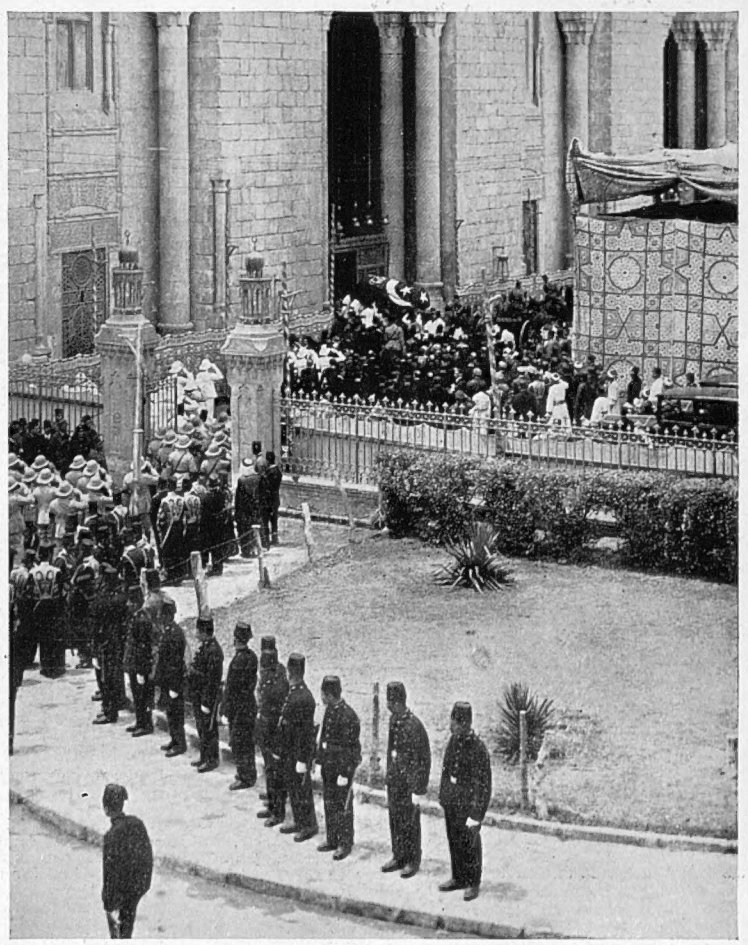
Impressive Scenes of Oriental Pomp as the Dead Monarch was Conveyed to His Last Resting Place

THE GOAL OF THE JOURNEY: The funeral cortège, which started from Abdin Palace, the late King Fuad's official residence, nearing the Refai mosque where the body was placed in the mausoleum His Majesty prepared for himself many years ago. The processional route covered a distance of no fewer than five miles, and among those who followed behind the coffin were detachments from every Egyptian fighting unit, delegations from the religious institutions of the country, and officers of the British Navy, Army, and Air Force. The break in the line of troops on the left of the picture indicates the spot where seven bulls were slaughtered in accordance with a funeral custom dating from the days of the Pharaohs. The carcases were later distributed among the poor



BRITAIN'S REPRESENTATIVES: Naval, Army, and Air Force officers taking part in the funeral procession. The leading figure in white is that of Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, who recently succeeded Sir William Fisher as Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, and on his right is Air Chief Marshal Sir R. Brooke-Popham. While the funeral was taking place in Cairo some 10,000 persons were participating in a memorial procession in Alexandria





THE FLAG-DRAPED COFFIN BORNE INTO THE REFAI MOSQUE, where the mausoleum was opened and afterwards resealed in the presence of the chief mourners. *On left*—WATCHING THE PASSING OF THEIR KING: Spectators looking down on the route from a point of vantage

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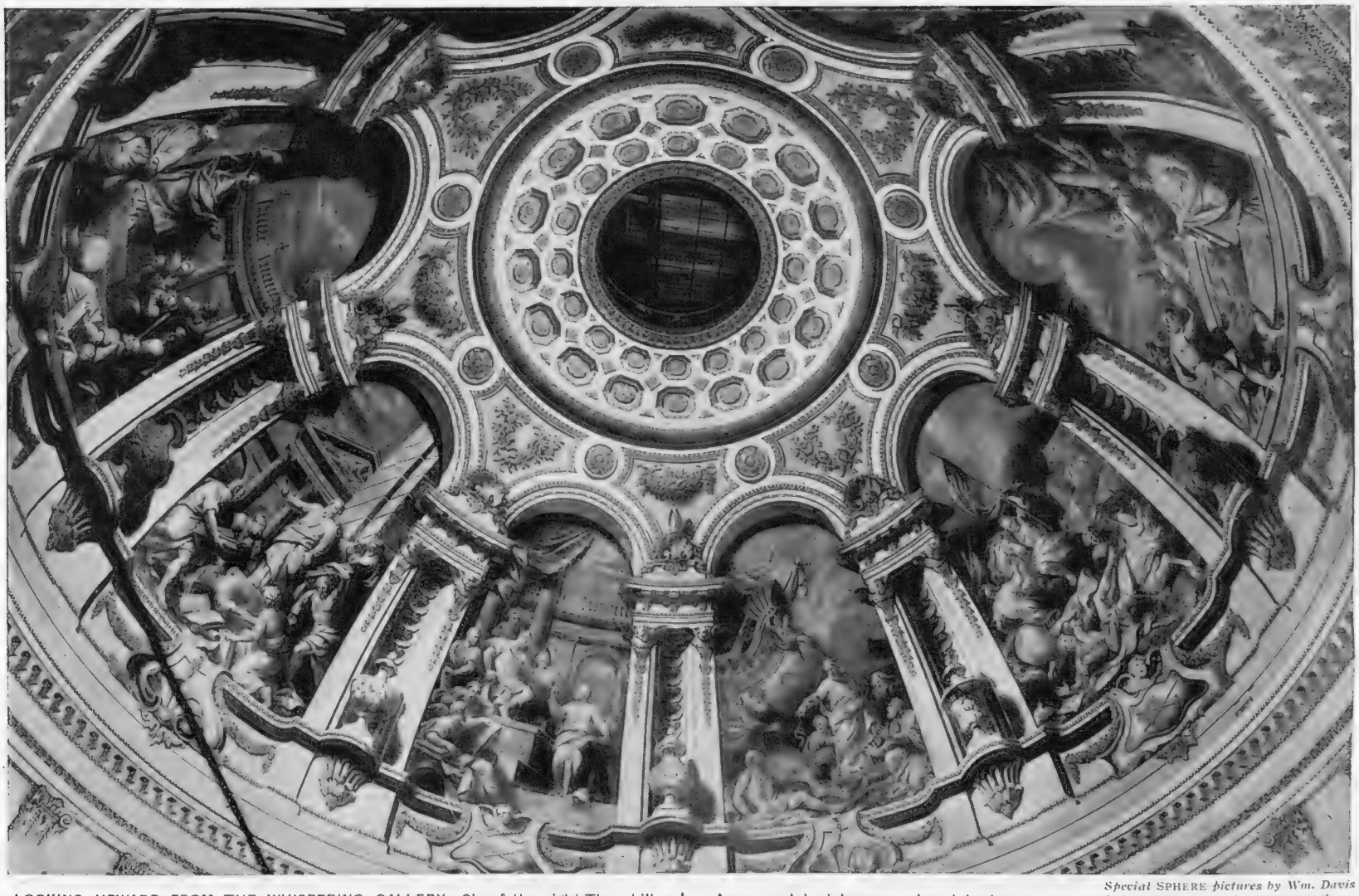
CLEANING ST. PAUL'S DOME

The Thornhill Paintings Revealed in all Their Beauty

FREED FROM THE GRIME OF AGES: "The Conversion of the Gaoler at Philippi" (*above*) and "The Sacrifice of Lystra" (*right*)—two of the eight scenes in monochrome from the life of St. Paul executed by Sir James Thornhill on the dome of St. Paul's, and now revealed again in all their pristine beauty as a result of a long and thorough cleaning process. These pictures, taken specially for "The Sphere" from the Whispering Gallery, make it possible to appreciate the detail of the work which has long been partially shrouded and which, even now, is not viewed to advantage from the ground level owing to the great height of the cathedral



Special SPHERE *pictures by Wm. Davis*

LOOKING UPWARD FROM THE WHISPERING GALLERY: Six of the eight Thornhill monochrome paintings representing (left to right) "The Sermon on Mars Hill," "The Burning of the Books at Ephesus," "St. Paul Before Agrippa," "Shipwreck at Malta," "The Conversion of St. Paul," and "The Punishment of Elimas the Sorcerer." The artist, who was in high favour with Queen Anne, and had been employed by her on several important projects, was given the commission for decorating the dome of St. Paul's against the wish of Wren, who recognised that the finished work would make no showing when viewed from the ground. Thornhill devoted all his energies to the task, however, and the result is a series of paintings possessing both grandeur of conception and dignity of design

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THE

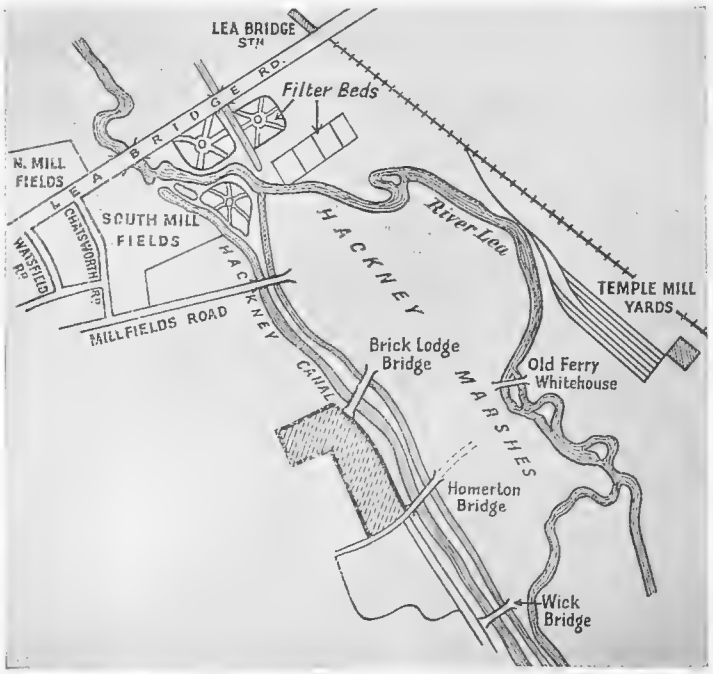
ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER LEA: Some of the "locals" enjoying a glass of beer on the veranda of the "Bee Hive" Inn, which is built out over the water and is extremely popular among the patrons during the summer months. An old world scene in the Hackney Marsh area which of recent weeks has been the cause of such bitter controversy as a result of the London County Council's attempt to employ a portion of it as a building site under its slum clearance schemes

THE SUBJECT OF DI
River Lea, a wate
certain extent b
purposes 30 acre
immediate outcry

When Lord Hewart in a King's Bench Divisional Court recently announced that the L.C.C. was not legally entitled to appropriate 30 acres of Hackney Marshes in the interests of slum clearance, he was at one and the same time upholding an Act of law and meeting the wishes of thousands of Londoners who were distressed at the thought that the children would be deprived of a happy hunting ground that was rightfully theirs.

The accompanying pictures on these pages, which have been specially taken for THE SPHERE, give an excellent idea of the Hackney Marsh area that is in dispute. For, in spite of the result of the legal battle, the matter is by no means settled yet in that the Council is now seeking the aid of Parliament, maintaining that if its purpose is foiled slum clearance in the East End will receive a severe and unjustified setback.

Mr. Herbert Morrison has said, however, that critics of the scheme must produce alternative sites before he will abandon his plans, and, interestingly enough, he has been taken at his word, and four sites which have been found, which lie about half-a-mile to the north-east of the disputed area, have the advantage of being much better served in the matter of transport. They are in a district just north of Hackney Cut, parts of which are already covered by factories and parts by playing fields, which would remain undisturbed. The sites are owned by one man, who is keenly interested in social work



THE LIE OF THE LAND: A sketch map showing (shaded portion) the position of the thirty acres that the L.C.C. wishes to appropriate and the chief value of which lies in the fact that of the enormous area of Hackney Marshes it is the only place where unorganised games may be played and where children can enjoy themselves without straying too far from home. On the playing fields proper permits have to be obtained in the East End, and it is understood that a large price would not be asked.

This alternative scheme will doubtless form a strong part of the Opposition's case when the Council brings its Private Bill before Parliament, and it has the support of town-planning authorities who unite in disputing the assertion that the Hackney Marshes are an essential for building development in this district. Sir Raymond Unwin, formerly chief adviser of the Greater London Town Planning Committee, says, for instance, that the re-housing could be accomplished just as effectively by using small plots of land instead of a big one, and points out that there are a number of favourable sites that could be purchased for a reasonable figure. Another way of tackling the slums, says Sir Raymond, would be to move the population gradually outwards, putting the furthermost people a little further out, and the nearer people into their place, and not trying to transplant the inhabitants of the inner districts right away to the outskirts.

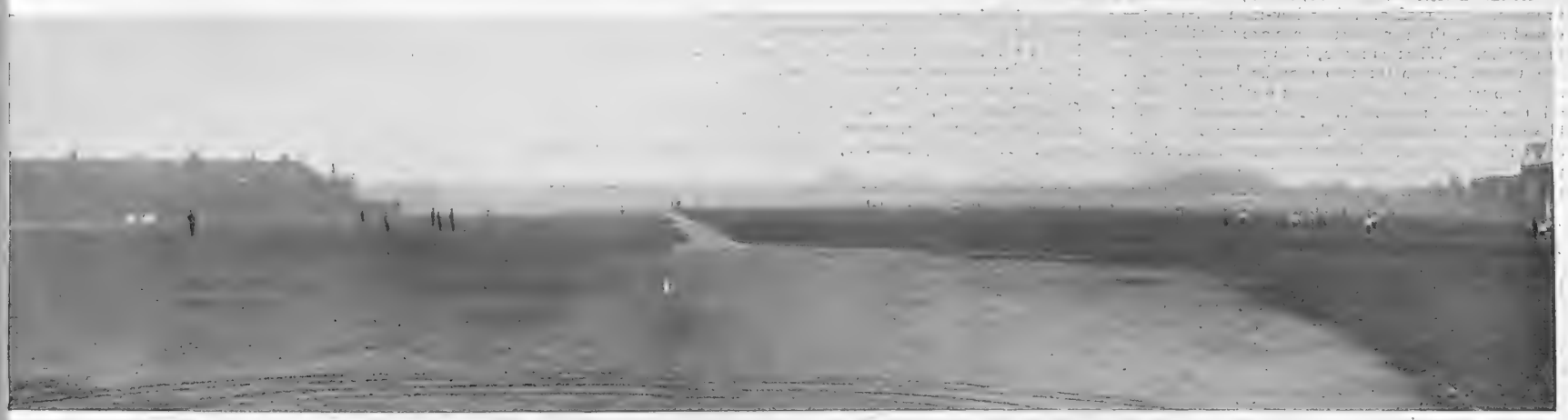
THE THREATENED SITE: The part of the thirty acres which is used as a car-park by visiting football teams and (*left*) children at play in the centre of the plot which has the merit of being situated close to their homes—a fact that the London County Council could not have realised when it formulated its grandiose plan

Hackney Marshes:

The Open Space in the East End of London where the L.C.C. are Planning to Build Despite Strong Public Protests and Legal Opposition

PUTE: A section of the football and cricket grounds of Hackney Marshes and the way of some importance as a commercial artery and which is also used to a pleasure craft. When the L.C.C. first announced its intention of taking over for building of these playing fields, dedicated as public spaces for all time, there was an The matter was taken to court by the Hon. Arthur Child-Villiers, who has devoted much time and money to the provision of recreation facilities for the youth of the East End. Judgment against the Council's plan was delivered on March 31, Lord Hewart making it clear that the Housing Act of 1925 did not in this case affect the London Open Spaces Act of 1893. Not content the Council has decided to promote a Private Bill in Parliament in an effort to obtain the necessary powers

RUS IN URBE: A section of the Marshes flanking the Lea Bridge Road which is used mainly for grazing purposes, and through the very fact that it remains unbuilt over adds considerably to the salubrity of this part of London. Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Socialist leader of the L.C.C., was deeply disappointed on hearing the result of the court case, and has stated that if the decision is allowed to stand "it will very seriously slow down the whole progress of slum clearance in East London"...



THE POWER STATION AND HACKNEY BOROUGH COUNCIL'S REFUSE PLANT: A scene just below Lea Bridge, with barges loaded with rubbish, ready to be towed down to the Thames. Care has to be taken to prevent the refuse from falling into the stream and littering up the Lea backwaters

Above and below—A BLOW FOR THE CHILDREN: If the L.C.C.'s plan receives the blessing of Parliament it will mean that the youngsters of the neighbourhood will have to leave their old haunts and cross the canals to this site which is some distance away from their homes and the watchful eyes of their parents

The £ s. d. of GRAND OPERA

By CHARLES GRAVES

REHEARSING "AÏDA": It is these full-dress affairs, says Charles Graves in his article, that do so much to add to the expense of staging Grand Opera. The cost of the chorus is another big item, as it consists of anything from sixty-four to 140 artistes, according to the nature of the production

WITH orchestra stalls at £1 15s., and boxes at 10 guineas a night, it is difficult for opera-goers in this country to realise that Grand Opera simply does not pay. On the Continent they go to the opera; they pay far less money, and they wonder why there should be such a difference. Actually, of course, opera on the Continent is subsidised either by the Municipality or the State. Here in England the B.B.C. provides some financial assistance in so far as it pays particularly generously (or so it thinks) for broadcasts from Covent Garden. But the subsidy was withdrawn some time ago. And still the orchestra costs £1,400 a week.

The trouble with opera is that it has a very brief season—like Bertram Mills's Circus—without having the advantage of leasing part of the premises for side shows (more's the pity, say I). It has the disadvantage of a repertory company with none of the benefit of inexpensive artistes who are paid by the week, however many parts they play; for the singers in Grand Opera are paid per performance. Nor does it have the repertory company's advantage of inexpensive sets. Like a Cochran show, production must be on a lavish scale, but unlike a Cochran production, the individual opera only runs four nights at the outside, and sometimes only two, instead of being morally certain of a 300-night run.

Grand Opera being so technical, it is necessary to maintain a staff of thirty key-men all the year round although the performances are only thirty-five in number. What is more, it is necessary to lease the Opera House for two months beforehand in order to train the chorus (for six weeks) and arrange all the other rehearsals. The scenery painting begins in November for the following April. So does the designing. Ballet rehearsals occur three times a day for several weeks. Each member of the ballet is paid per rehearsal.

Rehearsal is a word which is bound to occur continuously in an examination of the overhead expenses of Grand Opera. In a musical comedy there is seldom a change of cast. In Grand Opera no leading artiste would be capable of surviving the terrific strain of giving three performances on successive nights. Time and again, moreover, it happens that a leading operatic singer has never sung opposite another leading operatic singer in a particular rôle. Rehearsals are necessary for this. If there is a change of conductors there must be more rehearsals; and to rehearse an orchestra of anything from seventy-five to a hundred pieces is a remarkably costly business. That, indeed, is why Toscanini is out of the question for Covent Garden. It is not so much his fee for conducting as his insistence on rehearsing the orchestra ten or a dozen times.

Then think of all the rehearsals for the lighting effects. In any given opera as much electricity is used as would illuminate a town of 15,000 inhabitants—a silly statistic but somehow impressive. The scenic rehearsals are costly too. There must always be thirty stage hands hanging about the wings for this job alone, and they are all paid at Union rates which are a very different thing from pre-war prices. Union rates on a Sunday or Bank Holiday are double the usual. On a Sunday night after 8 p.m., and similarly on a Bank Holiday, they go still higher.

The most expensive opera of all to stage is *Die Walküre*. At least six of the singers have to be first class artistes such as Melchior, Thorborg, Frida Leider, Elisabeth Rethberg, Rudolph Bockelmann, and Emanuel List. First of all they are Germans and their fee is estimated in marks which, since we went off the Gold Standard, mean so much more in English currency. Secondly, like all the opera singers, they insist on being paid free of income tax. Thirdly they are paid by the performance, as I have already said. This means to say that the salaries of these six singers alone for the one night are a trifle over £900. Fortunately Sir Thomas Beecham is such a lover of Grand Opera that he gives his services for a more or less nominal fee.

The fact remains, however, that with the exception of the period during which Caruso was paid £400 a night and the price of the stalls consequently raised to £2 2s. (owing to his triumphant return after a long absence caused by an operation) the best paid artistes before the war received only half as much as they insist on to-day. Ponselle demands twice as much as Caruso.

No wonder, in view of the expensiveness of German artistes, that the price of the orchestra stalls is put up 5s. when operas in German are sung. Even this, however, does not put the matter right financially. Real opera lovers throng to German opera and every seat is taken — simply because German operas demand so many fine artistes. And so these operas almost invariably show a loss.

I am not at liberty to disclose the rental paid for Covent Garden for the necessary four months; but the electricity bill is well over three figures per week, and it has been estimated for me that it is impossible to put on an opera for less than £4,000, apart entirely from the salary list. Generally speaking, opera costs twice as much to stage now as it did before the war, and yet the price of admission has been raised only 20 per cent. Every economy is made. Curtains are renovated, scenery is patched up; and if you have been to Covent Garden this season you will realise that new carpets are needed.

This year, as in other years, famous operas are either being performed for the first time in this country or are being revived after such a number of years that entirely new scenery is required. The *Tales of Hoffmann* is a case in point. There was not a stick of scenery available. For *Rigoletto* also everything had to be new. The *Tales of Hoffmann* is particularly expensive as the plot involves three prima donnas, not to mention a Maskelyne or Devant to devise the famous disappearing act.

Sometimes it is impossible, however much money Covent Garden may offer, to find a singer to fit a role. Covent Garden now cannot discover anyone to play the part of Madame Butterfly. It is said that no one has been good enough since Destinn when she sang the part opposite Caruso. Another reason why Grand Opera cannot possibly pay nowadays is that the second tier of boxes was removed some years ago to give way for the stalls circle. The difference in revenue is considerable.

To explain and amplify the item of £1,400 a week for the orchestra it is scarcely necessary to remind you that a full symphony orchestra includes first violins, second violins, violas, 'cellos, double basses, flutes, oboes, clarionets, bassoons, horns, trumpets, trombones, tubas, tympani, the percussion department, harps, and, when required, bass tubas, and a teragata. This is an Hungarian instrument used in *Tristan* and so rare that it is kept permanently at Covent Garden. Even the late Colonel Blois, when he was head of the Covent Garden Syndicate, had never heard of it, although a guinea and a half had to be paid each time it was used.

MARGERY BOOTH, of Southport, Lancs., who is making her first appearance at Covent Garden, singing Italian, German, and French rôles. For the past nine years she has been extremely popular at the Berlin State Opera and she has been a guest-artist at Bayreuth

Each of the sixteen main sections of the orchestra has to have a leader. Before the war, for example, the leader of the violins was paid £20 a week. To-day he receives £40. In addition to all these unusual expenses, which the average theatrical production does not encounter, you must remember the normal overheads which include uniformed staff, telephones, printing, and at least seven different kinds of insurance beginning with fire insurance and proceeding by way of employers' liability and fidelity.

To-day it would need £300,000 to endow Grand Opera at Covent Garden. A still better plan would be if the Government took it over. In that event rates and taxes and ground rent would be non-existent. I say nothing about entertainment tax.

I have not been able to include the fees paid to the foreign conductors, but like those of the singers they are income-tax free. Nor do I know the exact rental paid for the two big scenery stores, which have to be kept all the year round. Another huge item is the cost of the constant cartage of scenery to and from these stores and the Opera House.

Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that Grand Opera cannot begin to be made to pay in this country?

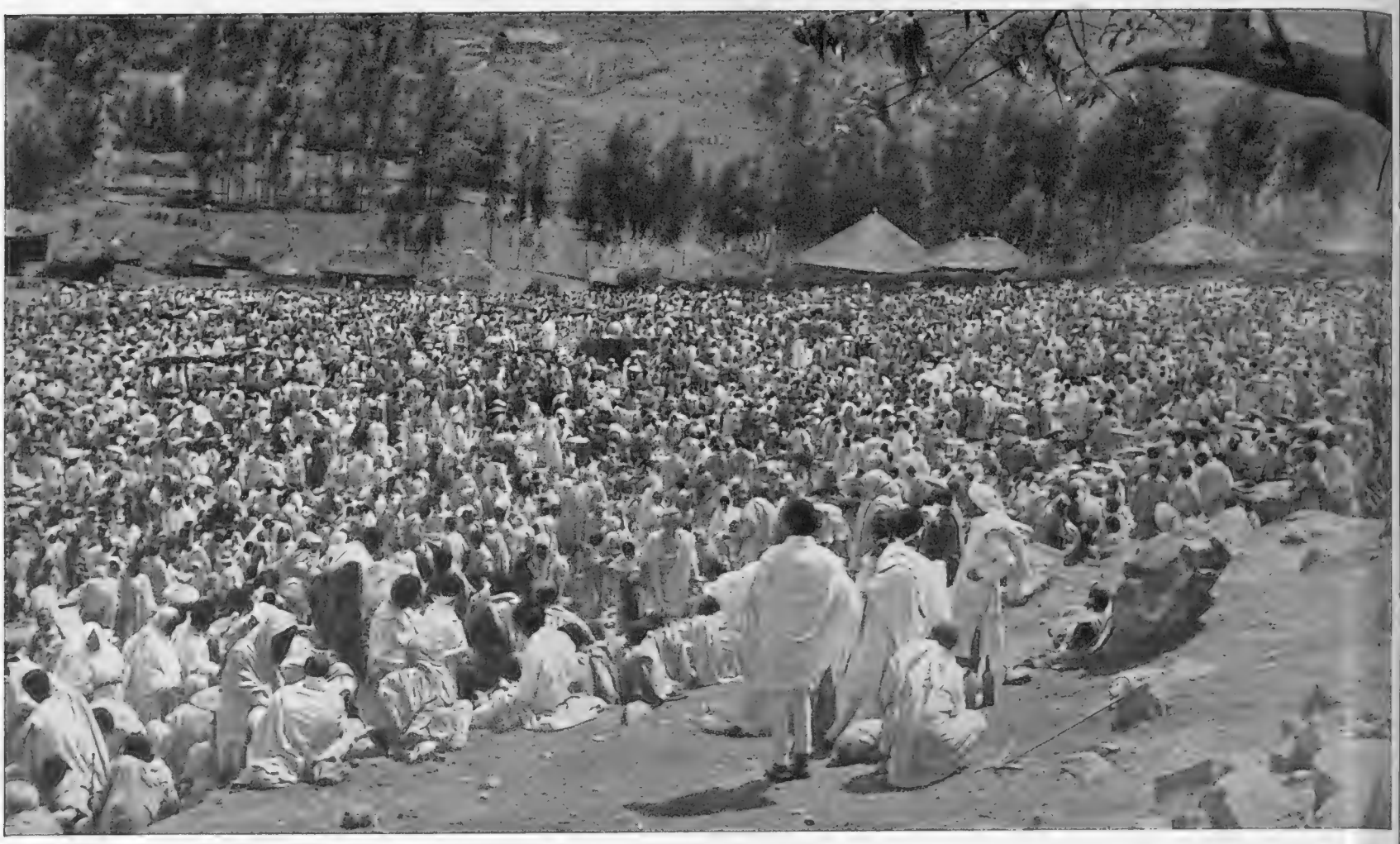
THE SAD END OF THE FAMOUS WINDJAMMER "HERZOGIN CECILIE"

Members of the crew salvaging the sails of the 3,000-ton Finnish vessel after she had run on the rocks off Sewer Mill Cove, near Salcombe, Devon, and all hope of saving her had been abandoned. *Herzogin Cecilie*, one of the largest sailing ships on Lloyd's Register, won the annual grain race from Australia to England on many occasions and as lately as April 23 completed a very fast passage of eighty-six days from Port Lincoln to Falmouth, her final triumph in the great contest

GIANT IN DISTRESS: *Herzogin Cecilie* listing heavily after going aground. Although there was no danger of the ship breaking up immediately, owing to the fine weather, most of the crew were taken ashore, Captain Erikson and a few men remaining on board, however, to carry out the work of salvage

AT THE MERCY OF THE WAVES: Heavy seas breaking over the windjammer as she remained fast. So much water entered the hold that part of the cargo was damaged

AN EYE-WITNESS IN ETHIOPIA: Violet Cressy-Marcks Gives Her Impressions of the War



THE MONDAY MARKET AT DESSIE: A picture taken in March when, in spite of the fact that the Italians were bombing the town almost daily, the Ethiopians came in from the surrounding countryside to trade their produce, showing the greatest courage whenever a raid took place. Marshal Badoglio's forces occupied Dessie on April 15, and it appears that trading continues undiminished, as it has been stated that his troops have had no difficulty in obtaining adequate supplies of meat and fresh vegetables which were notably scarce during the earlier days of the campaign. Sometimes as many as 8,000 or 9,000 people attend the market

Violet Cressy-Marcks, the author of the accompanying article, which tells so vividly of the heroism of the Emperor's troops and of the cause of their defeat, has just returned from Ethiopia, after visiting for three months both the Italian and Ethiopian war fronts, bringing with her a series of pictures that throw interesting light on conditions in the country to-day. The author, who also made a journey from Addis Ababa to the Kenya frontier last year, has a world-wide rebutation as an explorer, having travelled extensively in remote regions, chiefly for purboses of scientific research, and having carried out archæological studies among the ruins of ancient civilisations, including those of Mesopotamia, Syria, Palestine, North Africa, Egypt, China, Persia, India, Java, and Afghanistan. She has spent the winter north of the Arctic Circle, lived among the Laps for ethnological research, and reached the source of the Amazon by canoe. No other woman to-day has such a long record of successful endeavour in the field of exploration.

THE great Italian victories that one hears so much about broadcast from Rome and written in their various and varied magazines by their commercial, political, and military leaders can only be considered by the rest of the world a victory as the Italians are told and think of it as such. But if one analyses what it actually means, they have with light columns obtained various positions in the north and north-eastern parts of Ethiopia. All these positions are immensely dangerous from a purely military point of view.

AERIAL ESCORT: Violet Cressy-Marcks, the author of the accompanying article, standing with her Ethiopian pilot beside the monoplane lent to her by Haile Selassie in order to make the journey from Addis Ababa to Dessie. The Emperor's crest is painted on the fuselage

AN HISTORIC ARTERY: A picturesque stretch of the road from Waldia and Lake Ashangi along which the Italians advanced to Dessie. The highway was built by the Emperor

There have been only three big battles — Amba Aradem, Amba Alaji, and Ashangi.

The Italians were allowed to walk over the Ethiopian frontier in October and marched to Makale in December and occupied the town without fighting at all. Then followed the black month for the Italians between the middle of December and the middle of January. A month of chaos.

Ships full of material that could not be unloaded; crowded men who were unable to get food or lodging; dissatisfied soldiers; bridges broken in the rains; roads sunk; lorries by the hundred out of order or fallen over precipices. Chaos which reached Asmara and stretched menacing hands and engulfed Makale.

MAKING FOR COVER: Citizens running to take refuge on Addis Ababa on March 6, when the machine circled the any bombs. The telephone wires (right) and the electric The road, it will be noted, leaves

AFTERMATH OF BATTLE: An Ethiopian irregular standing amid bomb holes after a fierce engagement on the Northern Front. Whenever the troops have not been actually locked together in combat, Marshal Badoglio has made extensive use of his bombing 'planes and their machine guns

MILITARY ROAD BUILDING: Pounding the earth to create a hard surface during the construction of a highway north of Dessie

the appearance of the first Italian reconnaissance 'plane over capital for fifteen minutes and flew off again without dropping lamp standards (left) evidence two amenities of the city. much to be desired as regards surface

every kind of instrument were brought into play against the Ethiopian. With magnificent courage, which even amazed the Italian journalists watching the battle who at the time commented upon it, the Ethiopians fought, but the hanging-on to Amba Aradem longer than they ought to have done proved a great mistake for the Ethiopian, but not his first.

It was a good plan to draw the Italians into the country, but they should have been harried and harried again. Makale should have been attacked, and there is no doubt to anyone who has studied this war at close quarters that Ethiopia could, at any time between the middle of December and the middle of January, have ended the war with a victory to themselves.

After Amba Aradem followed Amba Alaji. Here, again, owing to their method of warfare, the Italians forced the Ethiopians to retreat, and then came the battle of Ashangi, which should have been fought at Dessie. The Ethiopians were drenched with gas.

Never, if the Italians had not used poison gas, could these positions have been attained. The Ethiopian soldier had stood bombs and aeroplane attacks, and showed quite clearly that he neither feared them nor was afraid; but the bravest man cannot stand up to poisonous gas and mustard gas which, without one blow or one brave deed by the Italian army, put the enemy out of action.

One has only to live with the Italian soldier and then to live with the Ethiopian soldier to realise how in every way the Ethiopian is the better man. The victory is for ever and for always with the Ethiopian, whatever the results of this war may be, in that for four months he kept one of the biggest colonial modern armies in the world at bay, and beat it.

(*Continued on page* 256)

Mistakes were the results of misinformed agents, generals of army, and of commerce. Gradually and bit by bit the Ethiopians were winning victory after victory. Stories of isolated columns, road workers, and headquarters staffs surprised and annihilated dribbled into the town of Asmara and down to Massawa. Troopships arrived with fresh troops and went back with wounded and sick. Contrary reports in newspapers in Europe and Asia made it difficult to unravel the problem presented to the world by the unexpected success of the Ethiopians.

And then Amba Aradem!

The flat-topped mountain with War Minister Muligata's caves, which had always proved to be of such good service to the Ethiopians, turned out to be a death-trap in January. Aeroplanes flew down to 30 ft. and machine-gunned mercilessly the troops and their stores. Hand grenades, unknown till then to the Ethiopian soldier, gas and

UPLAND SCENERY IN THE DESSIE REGION: A picture that epitomises the beauty of the countryside in this part of Abyssinia. Standing on an eminence in the centre is a chief's house

A HOME (FLEET) FROM HOME

Life with the Senior Service at Gib. To-day

PANORAMA AT "THE ROCK": A Fairey Flycatcher above the assembled warships at Gibraltar. Far away to the left is the Spanish frontier town of La Linea, which is linked with the fortress by a narrow strip of neutral territory

By FERDINAND TUOHY

GIBRALTAR is knowing exceptional days, but to look at it one would hardly think so. In ten days I saw, in uniform, naval officers, zero; Air Force, three; military, two. It baffles the foreigner, of whom many variants pass through at this particular season: French, Spaniards, Americans, Germans, Scandinavians chiefly. The heavily-civilian aspect of the Rock ("this monstrous capital ship without a keel," as visiting scriveners have been calling it) probably confounds the French most. "Even your Governor, the General Harington of Cassel, he wears plus-fours," exclaimed a dear colleague from the French capital whom I met on the way up to Europa Point one afternoon.

"What would not certain others make with this fortress!" It might not be as redoubtable, but what would be the parades, the steel-helmets, the clatter of musketry, the saluting without end, the rigorous domination, and the suspicions! It is a formula very Britannic—this which you have worked out for Gibraltar—of giving the appearance that everything is so civilian. To continue it now, with the permanent alert in the Mediterranean, is altogether formidable.

"I begin to see, though, about the absence of suspicions (pursued our travelling analyst) you can see the Fleet and you can see the Rock and you can see its galleries of 200 years ago and that is all you can see. Everywhere else one goes it is No Entrance. I collide all the time with No Entrance. And then the Rock it is so small—the same policemen watch me go by ten times a day. They know me by heart, and where I stay: there is such little choice. The beautiful blond agent, she will not do much in Gibraltar. Too conspicuous. And she can listen till she have earache and hear nothing from your officers. *Tiens*, I go to the Rock and the Bristol bars at the right time, six of the evening, cocktails, whisky, sherry, Plymouth, and is there talk of Italy, of sanctions, of the possible fall of happenings in the Eastern Mediterranean? Here are officers of the *Hood* and *Nelson* and *Furious*, of the great ships of the Home Fleet, and what do they speak? They speak about bottling from the cask, they argue, they say you damn fool. They remake last meetings together. They play the gambling machines with the sisters and fiancées. They speak the Fleet and Garrison . . . . how you say '*magasin*' . . . . 'shop' . . . . but never a word of the preparation of war with Mussolini."

Le Home Fleet lay below us in a shimmering harbour, after the worst gale Gib. had known in years—the one that drove the *Ranpura* ashore. It had just steamed in from exercises, the first for over a week. Great flying boats still wheeled and roared. Tiny craft—pinnaces, I suppose, though they were more like speedboats—tore to and fro between the ships. We both looked down at le Home Fleet, and one of us at any rate wandered in this vein—

Here is this Fleet that made history by just turning up when it wasn't expected. And they say the air is everything. What strange and record publicity le Home Fleet has had. Italians have been taught that it represents vicious, senile old John Bull's last vain determination to crush the New Italy. For Paris, it embodies the egoism and Imperialism of Angleterre, upholds her oil grasping. For Geneva, it emerges as the one concrete influence ever to come to the aid of the League of Nations. (That it concurrently guarded British interests was a coincidence, if a lucky one). Speculation has been general regarding its true striking value as distinct from its display one. Laval openly laughed at it. "Dressed up and patched up." Laval, he that may yet go down as the Frenchman who scuppered the first League of Nations—since of course the French would have difficulty hereafter in escaping such indictment, wriggle as they might, did Geneva come to close down.

In the mind's eye, I saw again a small, square black board with the figure 4 chalked on it. It was the morning of November 19, 1918, and I had asked the U.S. Commander beside me at breakfast, what it meant. (We were steaming out to take the surrender.)

"Oh, that! That just means we've been tied hand and foot to this ship for the past eight months—never been able to go more than four hours distance away from her."

To-day there is a resembling notification in the Home Fleet. I do not profess to know the figure, but it is as well to remember the fact as it may be to resuscitate this from a recent *Times* leader:—

"Since last August both the Mediterranean Fleet and a large part of the Home Fleet have been working under conditions not unlike those with which the Royal Navy was familiar during much of the war. The peace routine of the former provides, for the many thousands of men serving in it, periodical stays at their principal base, Malta, where they can enjoy both the opportunities for recreation, which keep a large number of men fit and contented, and the ordinary amenities of life in a station where both officers and men can be joined by their families. Service in the Home Fleet (three years in home waters alternating with similar service on a foreign station) normally includes three periods of fourteen days leave a year. The precautionary concentration in the Eastern Mediterranean has deprived the officers and men of both fleets of all these alleviations, and has involved a prolonged period of strain in surroundings which are not prepared with facilities for recreation or distraction."

Regarding anxieties, sailing away from Gib., I noticed that the boom was down for the first time in ten days, and the circumstance gave cause for reflecting that declarations of war are *vieux jeu* nowadays, and that treachery or a Port Arthur coup must ever be envisaged as a conceivable occurrence. On the other hand, naval opinion was that perhaps *The Times* overstated the lack of recreation, etc. "Most of our ships are at Alex. which isn't a bad place at all and is coming along nicely in the alleviation line. Haifa is of course still a dud, but it's Heaven compared to Aden which is—Hell. As for the Rock, it's too much of a bally prison. Noah's Ark, we shore birds call it, because once on, you never know when in blazes you'll get off again. This is the first time I've been off in twelve months." (We were autocaring to Malaga).

"You mean to say you've been on that cramped, two-miles-by-half-a-mile, barred and forbidden Rock, with its two walks and one street, ever since last summer without once getting off, even across to Algeciras or La Linea?"

"Just that."

The matter of the morale of a fleet bearing the importance it does, the degree of confinement attaching to such a station as Gibraltar obviously demands a steady attention. No one knows how long we may have to stay in force in the Mediterranean, bargaining or safeguarding, and the circumstance appears in its true light if we remember that an avowed Italian hope is to weaken the Royal Navy by wearing it down through boredom more than strain. A book just out in Rome, based on the alleged myth of British sea power in the altered conditions of 1936, leaves no doubt on this score. It was with such thoughts in mind that one looked round on Gib. and on the nature of the off-duty life it offers to the Home Fleet. Not that this is ever all there at once, but 4,000 or 5,000 personnel can be.

Current policy is to undertake short cruises from time to time and of course frequent exercises, while whole ships are now returning on leave, some for 28 days, and as the Admiralty's reconditioning and new building programme advance, things will get progressively better for officers and men.

Meanwhile the Rock does its best, in the distraction and recreation line, while having to overflow considerably into Spain in order to do so. This last refers almost exclusively to officers of the Garrison as well as the Navy. The Calpe Hunt, the Beagles, golf at Campomento, motor runs up to Malaga, brief leave to lovely Andalucia, sometimes with relatives or friends out from home, are staples of release that require a maintenance of the best relations with neighbouring Spaniards, however Red these may grow—and how Red they can be over at morose and menacing La Linea, not to mention Algeciras, where they threw all the Madrid papers into the sea one morning that I had ferried across for swim, sun, sherry, prawns. It so happens that Gib.'s two neighbours are in the van of Spanish Leninism. Garrison policy is to be utterly unconcerned with what goes on next door, even to be pronouncedly courteous, as when at midday on the anniversary of the Republic the Rock broke into an amphibious salute of forty crashing guns, for if Southern Spain were lost to the Rock as limb-stretching ground . . . but the mere thought is too awful!

The only attention Gibraltar pays to Spain takes the shape of a laconic column in the daily *Gazette and Chronicle*, headed "News from Spain," in which church-burnings may get one line.

(*Continued on page 268*)

THE NAVY ON THE MARCH: A rare sight in the streets of Gib., where, as a rule, there is little outward martial show

EXPLORING the HIMALAYAS

The World's Greatest Mountain Barrier

WITH DANGER LURKING AT EVERY STEP: Members of a party of mountaineers secured to one another with ropes, when traversing an unknown glacier—a task that took eighteen hours without a moment for rest. *On right*—Ponies and men negotiating a precipitous slope where the foothold was rendered precarious by loose rocks which, if giving way at a critical moment, might plunge man and beast into the abyss

HASTENING SLOWLY: Another scene as the party of mountaineers was engaged on its eighteen-hour crossing of an unknown glacier. A picture that conjures up the difficulties of exploration in the Himalayas, a region that has so stubbornly defied the hardihood and courage of man and that still offers such tremendous opportunities for the explorer eager to cover new ground.

At the moment all eyes are upon Everest, the greatest of the mountains in this barrier, where Mr. Hugh Ruttledge and his men are about to start the fifth assault on the summit, but there are countless other peaks well-nigh as formidable including Kamet, only recently climbed; the unconquered Nanda Devi; 26,000 ft. Dhaulagiri; 28,000 ft. Kanchenjunga; and Makalu, Everest's mighty neighbour

IN THE SHADOW OF THE

India's Far North: Its Sights, Scenes,

IN THE LAND OF THE LADAKHIS: A native tent, with its guy plateau within sight of one of the snow-clad Western Himalayan Kashmir, is one of the loftiest inhabited regions in the world, the

ON KASHMIR'S NORTHERN BOUNDARY: One of the mighty peaks where an ascent has recently been made. The highest mountain

LADAKH TYPES: *Left*—A typical member of the priesthood and (*right*)—a woman wearing the curious but characteristic headdress of the country—a long strip of leather covered with red cloth and studded with turquoise and other semi-precious stones. At the side of the head are ear flaps made of black lambs' wool

LAMAYRU MONASTERY: A typical religious house in the Ladakh region of Kashmir, a land as priest-ridden as Tibet itself and from the spiritual point of view closely allied to it

STREET SCENE IN LEH: The picturesque capital of the Ladakh region of Kashmir, marches from Srinagar, a distance of about 200 miles. The town is enclosed by tervals with square towers, which extends on each side to the higher slopes of It is the great rendezvous for commercial intercourse between the Punjab, Tibet

HIMALAYAS AND KARAKORAMS

and People—Little-known Ladakh

ropes held down by heavy stones on account of the high winds, pitched on a peaks. Ladakh, which originally belonged to Tibet and now forms part of lowest parts being at 8,000 ft., while many of the people live at 12,000 ft.

of the Karakoram range, here is Godwin Auster

which lies some nineteen a wall, surmounted at in- the surrounding mountains, and Eastern Turkestan

EN ROUTE FROM SRINAGAR TO LEH, CAPITAL OF LADAKH: An exploring party's transport ponies negotiating a steep, snow-covered slope in the early morning after a start at dawn on account of the difficult nature of the terrain. During this particular journey the ponies found the going extremely exhausting, and one of them fell into a snow-fed mountain stream, emerging eventually, after a twenty-minute struggle, with icicles on its tail. Being hardy it was little the worse for its experience, and continued to carry its load. Some of the country round Leh is remarkably desolate; small scrub is the only form of vegetation; animal and bird life are practically non-existent

HEAVILY LADEN COOLIES FORDING A STREAM: Ladakhis, who are possessed of immense strength and endurance, holding on to one another as a safeguard against the strong current when crossing a river between Srinagar and Leh. These men, who are of amiable disposition and very willing, are used for transport in Ladakh during mid winter when ponies and yaks are rendered less effective by conditions, and they are capable of carrying loads up to 60 lbs. across passes of 15,000 ft. or more in altitude, where to the lowlander the rarefied atmosphere makes exertion difficult. Sometimes they will cover 25 miles in a day, but they could never maintain this as an average

"THE 'DISCOVERY'—CAPTAIN COOK OFF ST. HELENA": One of the striking water colours on view at Ackermann's Galleries, New Bond Street, where Lieut.-Colonel Harold Wyllie, O.B.E., the noted marine painter, is holding an exhibition. The artist is the son of William Lionel Wyllie (1851-1931), the Royal Academician who also excelled in the draughtsmanship of sea-faring craft, and whose picture, "The Thames below London Bridge," was purchased by the Chantrey Bequest. Lieut.-Colonel Wyllie has much successful work to his credit, including the decoration of the ward room officers' mess at the Royal Naval Barracks, Chatham

"THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN": Nelson's ships in action against the Danes in the spring of 1801 when the future victor of Trafalgar, then a junior admiral under the amiable and unenergetic Sir Hyde Parker, was guilty, not for the first time in his career, of a breach of orders that had the most successful results. He engaged the enemy and when told to withdraw refused to heed the signal, realising that if he did so there was danger of some of his vessels grounding or being destroyed

THE END OF THE INTERREGNUM: This picture by Lieut.-Colonel Wyllie is dedicated to the present Duke of York, and shows the warship *London* in which James II (then Duke of York) returned to England in 1660, when his brother Charles II had been called to the throne. James was at this time appointed Lord High Admiral, and Pepys, who was Secretary to the Navy, has recorded the patient industry and unflinching probity of his naval administration. He also proved himself a fine naval commander

SOLDIER and MARINE ARTIST

Lieut.-Colonel Harold Wyllie's Pictures on Exhibition at the Ackermann Galleries, New Bond Street

WEST WALTON, NEAR WISBECH: The imposing tower in the Early English style dominates this Norfolk village street scene by Leonard Squirrell, of Ipswich, who is showing six of his pictures at the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours which began last month and closes on May 11. The Society, which has its own Gallery in Pall Mall East, was founded in 1804 by a small group of ten artists, most of whom have become famous in the annals of water-colour painting. The first exhibition was opened in 1805, and shows have been held continuously ever since

ART OF LEONARD SQUIRRELL

Two Notable Exhibits at the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours

SEVERN BRIDGE, BRIDGNORTH: Another pleasing example of the work of Mr. Squirrell who has made a special study of landscape and is particularly happy when expressing the English countryside in its varying moods

LONDON'S AIR D

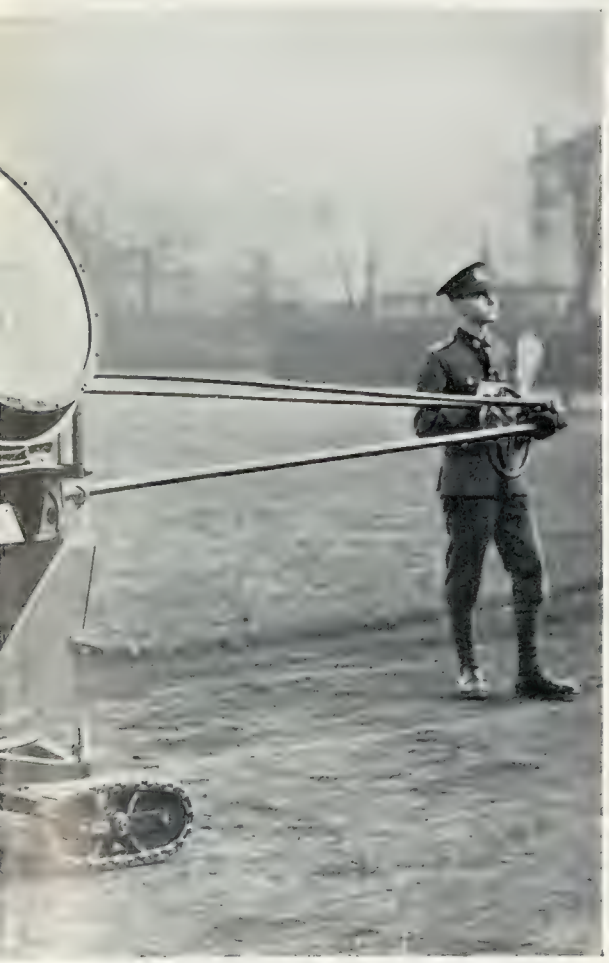
A RIBBON OF LIGHT PIERCING THE NIGHT SKY: Men of the 26th Anti-Aircraft Searchlight Battalion at work in the grounds of the Duke of York's Headquarters, King's Road, Chelsea, with the latest type of searchlight designed for locating enemy 'planes. It has caterpillar wheels in order to facilitate movement over uneven ground, and can be swung round in any direction at a moment's notice

DAY-TIME PRACTICE: Members of the Anti-Aircraft Searchlight Battalio one of the axles are used for hauling the apparatus to its appointed the elevation of the light itself. The Battalion, needless to say, is a cannot hope to succeed in warding off attacks unless the machin

PLOTTING POSITION: This apparatus comes into play when an aeroplane has been spotted by a searchlight, and its function is to determine, for the benefit of the anti-aircraft gunners, the exact height and elevation of the machine at any given instant

ENLIGHTENMENT: An officer instructing N.C.O.s and men in the operation of one of the new models in the grounds outside the Duke of York's headquarters, and (*left*) giving a final polish to the lens in order to secure a beam of maximum strength. *On right*—Fitting out new recruits in the armoury at battalion headquarters

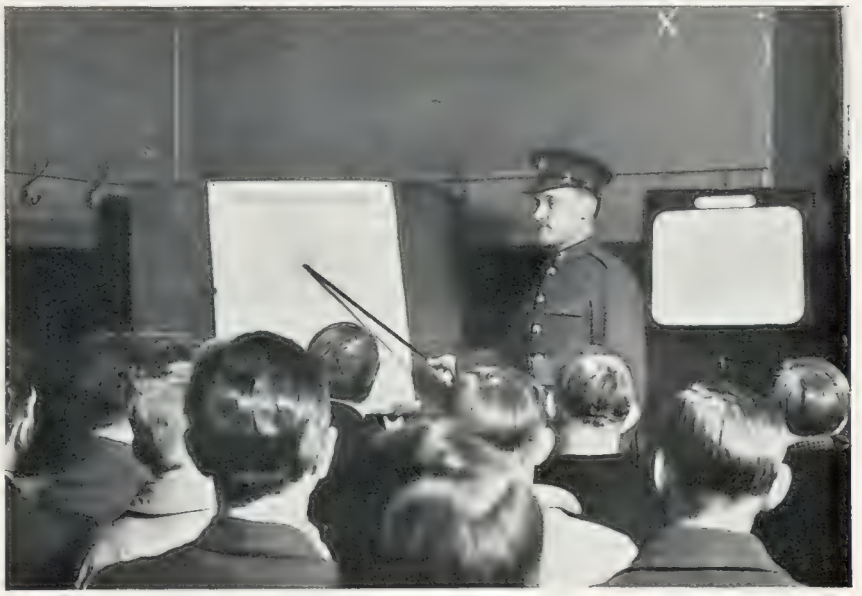
DEFENCE : The Searchlight Battalion and its Work



on with one of the latest models. The steel shafts attached to d position, and the wheel on the right is employed for adjusting an essential unit in London's anti-aircraft defences, for gunners hines are rendered visible to allow of range-finding operations

SILVER PILLARS OF DEFENCE: A battery of high-powered searchlights penetrating the gloom. The first notification of an air raid would probably be obtained from sound-locating instruments, and it is then that the searchlight unit must hold itself in readiness to spot the invading machines and, by determining their height and elevation, co-operate with the gunners in preventing them from performing their mission unmolested

S OF THE DEFENCE FORCE: This instrument can record the approach of enemy 'planes long before they come in sight, the sensitive horns indicating from what direction the sound of the engines emanates. Instruments of extreme sensitiveness will be required if the practically noiseless bomber comes into existence



SEARCHLIGHT STATION LAYOUT: An instructor giving a class of recruits details regarding the positions to be taken up in the event of a raid in order to train the beams on the invaders in the most effective possible fashion. The men who belong to this Searchlight Battalion give up a great deal of their spare time to training

OFF DUTY: A game of draughts and a draught of beer in the rest room at the barracks after an evening's training. *On right* — A Lewis gun team at practice. It operates in conjunction with the searchlight and sound location units

Pictures by A. Console and William Davis

(*With acknowledgments to Macmillan & Co., Ltd.*)

Bottle Royal

"Who are fighting?" asked Alice.

"Why, the Lion and the Unicorn, of course," said the White King.

"But what are they fighting for?"

"Well, they both want a Guinness," said the King, "and there's only one left. The worst of the joke is that even that one belongs to me! Let's run and see them." And they trotted off, Alice repeating to herself, as she ran, the words of the song:

"'The Lion & The Unicorn'
was full of thirsty men
From ten o'clock till two o'clock
and six o'clock till ten.
Some had a sandwich, some had two:
But they all had a Guinness,
which is Good For You."

"Does—the one—that wins—get the Guinness?" she asked, as well as she could while they were running.

"Dear me, no!" said the King. "The one that's *had* the Guinness wins."

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.566.

SPRING GLORY IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND: Cherry, pear, and plum blossoms bedeck the trees and give the countryside a beauty that is excelled at no other time of the year. A picture taken from the tower of Newington Church, Kent

Blossom Time in England

The Cherry, Pear, and Plum Make their Bow Together

ALL through this cruel winter the clever gardener has had shrubs in bloom to counterbalance the gloom and cold. Winter sweet (chimonanthus fragrans), out in December, daphne, and winter jasmine were the first to flower. Then came the almond blossom, berberis, Forsythia, the delicious flowering currant, and the early magnolias, stellata, and obovata. Next to bloom are the fruit trees of China and Japan—the Japanese pear (cydonia japonica), pyrus floribunda, and the lovely family of Japanese cherries, of all shades from white to deepest rose pink. One of the best of these is the early prunus cerasus yoshino, the street tree of Japan, that seems in that land of violent contrasts to burst from black twig to full dress of pale pink in a single night. One keen gardener in Kent filled all his available space with beautiful specimens of this cherry-apple-plum family.

In the woods the bird-cherry is the earliest to bloom. A group of these graceful trees rising from great cushions of flaming yellow gorse was a cheering sight on a bright but bitter day not long ago in the Weald of Kent.

In the hedges blackthorn and sloes and wild plum are nearly over. Presently their places will be taken by hawthorn, and honeysuckle, and dog-roses. In cottage-gardens lilac and laburnum, guelder roses, and broom will soon be filling the air with sweetness. Bluebells and pink orchises are beginning to make patches of lovely colour in the woods.

Damsons and cherries are usually the earliest blossoms in the orchards, followed in quick succession by pear and plum. On a south wall peaches have been in bloom for some time, as well as pears. This year, owing to the cold winds perhaps, the cherry, pear, and plum blossoms all appeared together. Experts in January predicted abundance of blossom on apple trees, the loveliest of all blooms. There is every promise of this, the buds just showing pink now. Fruit farmers will not, however be entirely happy until blackthorn winter and Buchan's cold spell are well and truly left behind.

And since to look at things in bloom,
Fifty Springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go,
To see the cherries hung with snow

A. E. HOUSMAN

For it is not every grower who can afford to protect his crop by the device which rings a bell when the temperature gives warning that a severe frost is imminent. The farmer who hears the warning bell hastens gladly out into the dark to light his barrels of oil to protect the precious fruit, and ensure a good return for labour and expenditure. Fortunate, indeed, were those growers who were able to put up this smoke screen to save their crop during the disastrous frost of last May. May it not be needed in 1936!

M. M. H.

An Almost Polar Winter

The Story of Britain's Weather of Recent Months

AFTER one of the wettest autumns on record the winter of 1935–36 was a distinctly cold one, and it was decidedly rigorous in Scotland where at some places, at no great altitude above sea-level, snow covered the ground almost continuously for three months. The outstanding characteristic, however, of the weather in England during the six months October, 1935, to March, 1936, was the regular alternation of more or less accentuated cold and warm spells. The cold spells brought much fog and widespread snowfalls, whilst the warm spells (which were unusually pronounced on the Continent) brought heavy rains, floods, and gales. Hence we have had the full complement of the various elements that go to make up stress of weather in the winter time.

In October the weather was wet and stormy, but the first of the cold periods, which was remarkably severe for so early in the season, occurred in the third week when there were sharp night frosts, the temperature locally falling below twenty degrees F. in the screen. Yet by the end of the month the weather turned warm and humid with temperature over sixty degrees by day and hardly dropping much below it by night. November gave excessive rainfall, so that by the end of the month most parts of the country had completely recovered from the effects of the long drought which, commencing about the end of 1932, was not really broken till the heavy rains of December 1934 set in.

A minor cold spell occurred in the middle of November, but the most protracted, and in the north the most intense, of the cold periods embraced the first three weeks of December especially between the 14th and the 24th. The intensity of the cold in Scotland may be judged from the fact that Loch Etive and other salt-water inlets of the West Coast were freezing up just before Christmas. Snow was fairly general about this time, even in the south. In the Chiltern Hills and other South Midland districts the slanting winter sunshine produced beautiful prismatic colours on the snow- and rime-bedecked forest trees. The 23rd of December was quite an Arctic day of hard frost and dense fog, the maximum temperature failing to rise above 25 degrees at Cambridge and above 18 degrees at some places in the north. On Christmas Eve rain falling on the cold ground and freezing into sheets of ice made travelling difficult. Then came the thaw and with it heavy rains which, assisted by melting snow soon turned the rivers into flood.

Early in January the floods assumed serious dimensions in the Fens, the Thames Valley and the Somerset Levels.

During the first half of February another spell of severe weather occurred. About this time the Essex tidal creeks were frozen and some ice appeared on the foreshore at low water. After the middle of February a brief spell of mild weather was followed by another frosty spell at the end of the month. Persistent warm and humid southerly winds in the latter part of March gave a great impetus to the spring, which has since been held in check by the equally persistent polar winds of April.

L. C. W. B.

WHEN MAYTIME TOSSES BOUNTY WITH THE CHERRY AND THE PLUM

Plum blossom *(left)* in the Lake District and the cherry in bloom *(right)* outside an old inn near Colchester

BALLETS DE MONTE CARLO AT THE ALHAMBRA: An impression of "Le Lac des Cygnes," one of the principal items in the elaborate programme to be presented by Sir Oswald Stoll on Friday, May 15

PROVIDENCE, coincidence, or a diplomatic understanding (in the interests of music-lovers) between the theatre managers and Sir Thomas Beecham ordained that Covent Garden's season of Grand Opera should open in a week almost wholly devoid of new theatrical productions.

Yet not, in the general sense, devoid of theatrical interest. Richard Wagner could write a good play when he wished. His one great comic opera, *Die Meistersinger*, is hardly a snappy farce and it is the music, of course, and not the comedy which concerns us. None the less, much of the comedy is genuine enough, if on the long side. More than one play, intended to be funny, has been produced in London within the past few weeks which, compared with *Die Meistersinger*, was a funeral oration, with the funeral following very shortly, according to expectation.

Many of us are impressed with *Parsifal*, as a play, just as we are impressed by Barrie's *Mary Rose;* each is a hotch-potch of false emotions and wrong values; Barrie full of twisted sentimentality and Wagner full of the religion which is mere religiosity. Attempt to analyse both, purely as plays, and you will see what I mean, even if you do get into a mighty muddle. Yet it is easy to pipe the eye and get a lump in the throat over each of them, putting the music aside altogether (and the late Norman O'Neill's *Mary Rose* music, though painted on a tiny canvas compared with that used by Wagner, is comparable notwithstanding, and its quality is flawless).

I am not, let me hasten to add, anxious to contemplate the appalling and, fortunately, remote prospect of enduring any of last week's operas, Wagner's or Verdi's, without the music, though there are those who might consider *Rigoletto* much improved without its music, with the exception of the quartet.

Further, Covent Garden itself is, as a building, more theatrical than any modern theatre I know. Its shape and its traditions seem to be of the very essence of the stage, and in dignity and sheer loveliness it would be difficult to approach it in this or any other country. That it is difficult to approach in the more literal sense is that instead of being on a commanding central site, as is the Opera House in Paris (which architecturally as well as musically is vastly inferior), it is in the middle of cabbages and narrow streets. Unfortunately the cabbages were there first and have the prior claim.

NOTED SAVOYARDS: Derek Oldham and Sylvia Cecil who will be going to the United States this summer with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company which, in response to the demand, is to give another season of Gilbert and Sullivan in New York and other important cities. Last year they scored a tremendous success in America, playing to packed houses for many months before audiences which, for the most part, had never had an opportunity of seeing the operas presented by a first-class cast. Miss Cecil is appearing in Oxford this week

THE MATRIARCH: Gran' Whiteoaks (Nancy Price), centenarian and strong-willed head of the family, has a passion for backgammon at which she cheats without a quaim as she proceeds to defeat her lawyer (John Garside) while her children and grandchildren look on with amusement. A scene from *Whiteoaks*, based on the book by Mazo de la Roche, the People's National Theatre production at the Little

"Die Meistersinger."—*Die Meistersinger* made an almost ideal choice for the opening night. Enthusiasts rolled up docilely at 6.30; the doors were closed the moment the overture began, but very few people were excluded. If there were any chatterers I did not hear them, and if Sir Thomas Beecham did he raised no hullabaloo about it, as, quite legitimately, he did last year.

The choice is not quite ideal, for the first act is very long and, except to the academically minded, somewhat dull at times. *Der Rosenkavalier* puts people in rather a jollier frame of mind from the outset. But Act II is one of the most glorious things in all music. So is the greater part of Act III; the final scene, even with the "cuts" that were made, takes an unconscionable time to make up its mind to leave off, with the result that there were a few signs here and there of inability to stay the course. The performance on the whole, however (close on five hours of it), was magnificent, particularly the part contributed by Sir Thomas Beecham and his orchestra.

Herr Bockelmann's fine Hans Sachs we know. Herr Ralf sang well—a stolid, honest Dobbin of a Walther. Even his one mistake was a downright honest one. No beating about the bush. In the middle of the Prize Song he came in at the wrong time and with the wrong notes. Just that. Mme Lemnitz was a slim and pretty Eva, with

COVENT

an exquisite voice. Mr. Heddle Nash is the best David I have ever heard. Herr Janssen, made up as Kothner to resemble Mr. George Robey's prehistoric man, was great fun. There was a new Beckmesser—Herr Neumann. Most Beckmessers overdo the comic stuff; this one was inclined to underdo it.

"Rigoletto."—I do not altogether care for the present plan of performing Wagner and Italian opera on alternate nights. At the risk of making the Verdi-ites champ with rage, I express the conviction that after *Die Meistersinger Rigoletto* seemed precious small beer—and perhaps not very precious. The other plan, by which the German portion of the season ended on a Friday, one took a deep breath and a long week-end, and then tackled the Italian fare on the following Monday, is better.

An enumeration of reasons might only cause a

GARDEN OPENS

"Die Meistersinger" an Ideal Choice for Grand Opera's First Night

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

recrudescence of wrath. Besides, it is only a matter of individual taste. The tum-ti-tum insincerity of the Verdi that is not the Verdi of such a masterpiece as *Falstaff* happens to bore me; but there are many whom it does not bore and who, I believe quite earnestly, find Wagner a pain in the neck. Well, it is a good thing that tastes differ, or what would happen, as Sam Weller so wisely remarked, "to the makers o' fancy veskits?"

There were more fancy veskits than good performances in this *Rigoletto*, which did not perhaps go with the ease it might have done. Sir Thomas would have held it together better, but he was taking a night off duty.

Signor Lauri Volpi, the Duke, is a fine, flamboyant, ringing tenor, but his tone is not impeccable. Madame Perras, the new Greek soprano, was a good, though not a very good, Gilda. Herr Sved was the tragic jester; he has plenty of voice, but seemed unhappy in the part, but with an unhappiness other than histrionic.

"Parsifal."—There are few, if any operas, that are performed better at Covent Garden than *Parsifal*, and I have never seen a better performance of it anywhere than last Wednesday's.

Scenically the church scenes are the best; that Byzantine dome is a fine stage picture and the grouping and stage-management generally were without a flaw. Several years ago the moving-scenery device, which was Wagner's own suggestion, was used for the journey of Parsifal and Gurnemanz. I was relieved when this was discarded; it had an unreal air about it, like a large scale "Penny panorama of the Lord Mayor's Show," and it used to get stuck and make tearing noises and cause everyone anxiety and embarrassment. The "journey music" was later played with the curtain down, and I am not at all sure that that is not the best way. This year, however, a novelty is attempted in the form of what I suppose one would call a series of dissolving views. Not quite a success, but not so bad.

The Flower Maidens have always presented a problem, and until it is permitted them to exercise their seductive arts dressed in nothing at all, probably always will. Even then the problem will not be wholly solved, since it rarely happens that a female with good enough voice for this difficult music has a good enough figure for such display. In the new setting of the Magic Flower Garden, which is rather like one of Mr. Walt Disney's symphonies in colour, the maidens are dressed (and very much dressed) as artificial flowers, with petals growing out of their heads. That makes it rather easier for Parsival to resist their wiles, for the costumes are more ingenious than becoming. But the main thing is that they sing beautifully.

MARY NEWCOMB, the star of *Children to Bless You* at the Duke of York's Theatre, now in the third month of its run and a firmly established success

Herr Fritz Reiner, the new conductor, is a great success. He has sympathy in plenty and can wheedle any amount of light and shade. And the orchestra like him, which is a sure test. The "Prelude" he took exceptionally slowly, which, if anything, enhanced its beauty, though it had the mundane effect of lopping a large slice off that precious dinner interval.

Mme Frida Leider made her first appearance of the season as Kundry. This is not a satisfactory job, since in the earlier part she has little to do except scream and scowl, and in the final episodes she has only to be seen. True, she has her chance in Act II, but that is only "Tristan"-and-soda. Wagner's genius in this, his last opera, showed signs of waning only in that love music, which really is rather poor stuff.

"Return to Yesterday."—The only play of the week was produced at the Embassy Theatre—*Return to Yesterday*, adapted from the French by Mr. Herbert Griffith, who not only does this sort of thing with uncommon skill but picks interesting plays on which to exercise that skill.

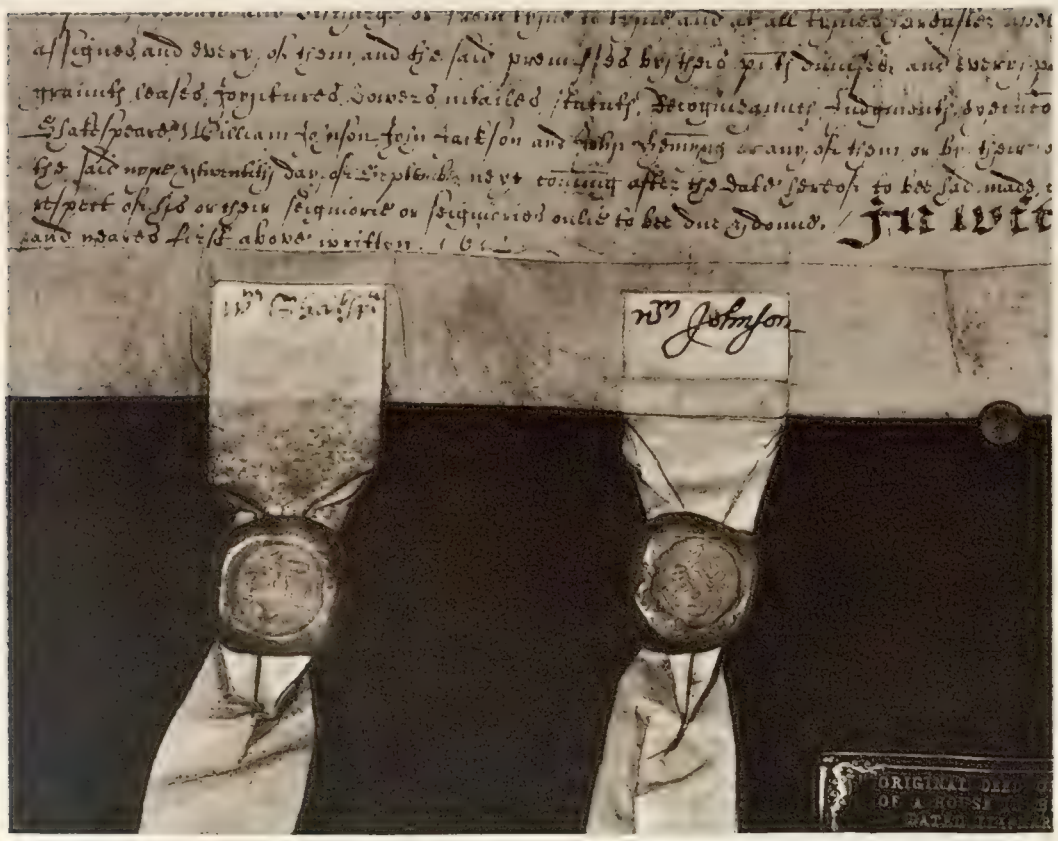
This is the story of an actress who fell in love with a militant Communist. The scene is not Soviet Russia, which Mr. Griffith knows and likes so well. No, here the actress is French and rich and successful, and the Communist is Russian and poor, for rolling agitators do not gather much financial moss.

The actress is torn between love of the Communist and love of the comforts of civilisation, and with the aid of, among others, Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies and Mr. Louis Borell, the problem makes first-rate entertainment.

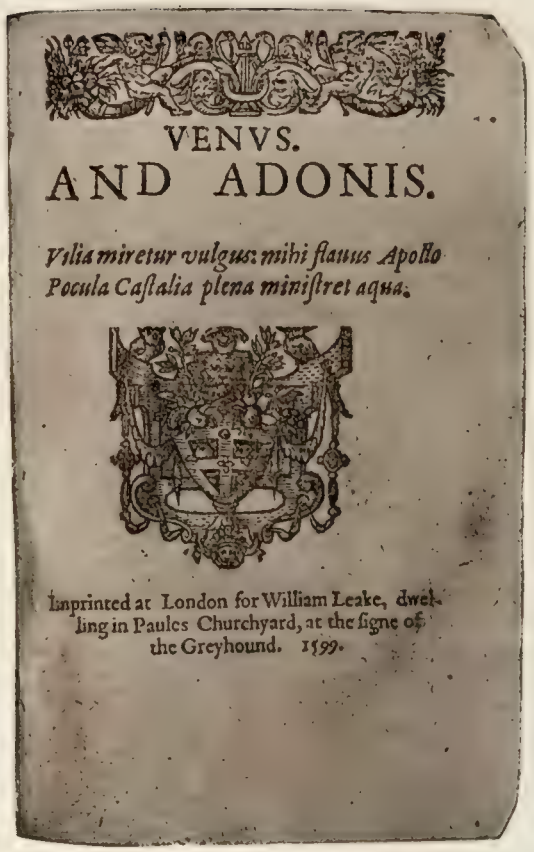
"PEER GYNT" AT SADLER'S WELLS: Vivienne Bennett as Solveig in the production which follows *King Lear* at this theatre. On some nights it is being played in its entirety and on others in a short version

A TREAT FOR FILM FANS: Madeleine Carroll and John Gielgud, co-stars in the Gaumont-British thriller, *Secret Agent*, which comes to the Tivoli next Monday. The film is directed by talented Alfred Hitchcock and is based on Somerset Maugham's spy novel, *Ashenden*

On left—DIRTY WORK: Captain Richard Gordon is captured by the gang and thrown without ceremony into a cellar. A dramatic incident in *The Frog*, the Ian Hay play at the Princes based on an Edgar Wallace thriller



SHAKESPEARE'S AUTOGRAPH: The poet's name on a deed relating to his property in Blackfriars, now a treasured relic of the British Museum. There are extant six signatures of Shakespeare that have strong claims to be regarded as genuine, and illustrations of some of these were given in "The Sphere" on April 25



VENVS.
AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flauus Apollo
Pocula Caſtalia plena miniſtret aqua.

Imprinted at London for William Leake, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the ſigne of the Greyhound. 1599.

"THE FIRST HEIRE OF MY INVENTION": It is with these words that Shakespeare prefaces *Venus and Adonis*, quite probably his first published work

IN PURSUIT of SHAKESPEARE

Further Commentary and Notanda

FOLLOWING upon the article and pictures on the subject published in THE SPHERE of April 25, interest in the question of Shakespeare's handwriting continues unabated, and several readers of this journal have written to us regarding the authenticity of the copy of Hollinshed's *Chronicles* which according to the claim of Captain W. Jaggard, of Stratford, bears marginalia in the hand of the great poet.

With regard to this question, H. Kendra Baker, of Hindhead, writes as follows: "Surely Captain Jaggard's reference to Shakespeare's 'familiar' handwriting verges on the disingenuous. Would it not be nearer the truth to say that there is no individual in the D.N.B. whose handwriting is *less* familiar than his? You cannot alter 'facts' by calling them 'fancies' and attributing them to 'biassed' critics. You could dismiss all evidence on both sides in any court of law on similar grounds.

"To doubt the authenticity of these, so-called, signatures is considered 'carping mistrust,' and yet I recall that many years ago an eminent Stratfordian protagonist in the course of a discussion on this subject at the house of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence made this memorable statement in my presence: 'I give you all the signatures!' to which Sir Edwin responded, 'Well, that does not leave you very much!'

"In the light of this incident one is inclined to wonder whether what passes for 'evidence' in Stratfordian circles would be similarly regarded in a Court of Law. Why should not there be an impartial enquiry into this greatest of literary problems?"

Another letter comes from Bertram G. Theobald, of Brighton, who wrote to THE SPHERE in April pointing out that there had been too much haste in assuming that the annotations on the Hollinshed volume were the work of Shakespeare and, in referring to the poet's writing, stated that Captain Jaggard was possibly basing some of his theories on the additions to the Sir Thomas More MS., which he said were now proved not to be in Shakespeare's hand.

To this Captain Jaggard made a convincing reply, and now Mr. Theobald states: "Notwithstanding the views of the scholars quoted by Captain Jaggard, this bubble of the Sir Thomas More play was pricked many years ago by the acute and learned Sir George Greenwood. Let any one study his masterly book, 'Shakspere's Signatures and Sir Thomas More,' 1924, and he will soon realise the truth of this. The delightful humour which characterises this exposure makes it most interesting reading."

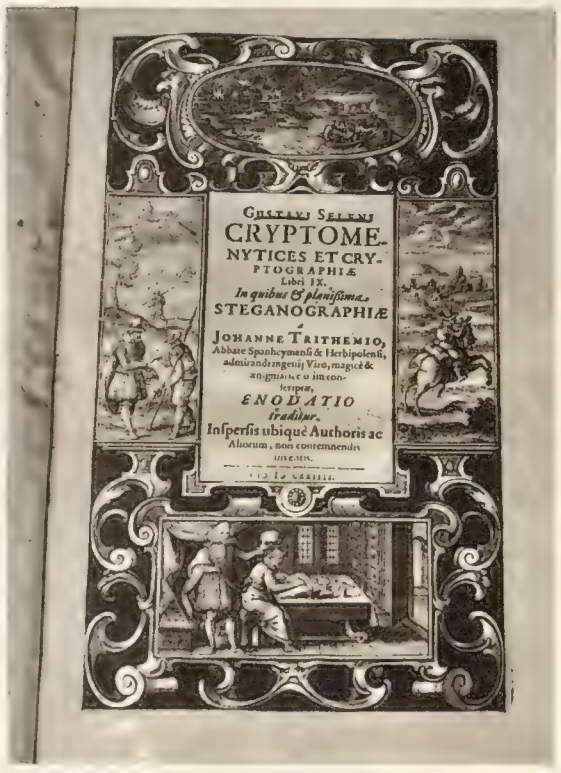
Yet another letter comes from R. L. Eagle, of Cheam, who says:—"Whilst admiring Captain Jaggard's faith in his emphatic opinion that the insurrection scene in the manuscript of 'Sir Thomas More' in the British Museum is in the hand of Shakespeare, the sceptics and unbelievers are also entitled to their opinions formed after careful study of the question. The subject is still a controversial matter, and to show how rash it is to be dogmatic I do not think we can do better than go back to the early days of this controversy before perception had been blinded by the desire to fortify the Stratford case by the production of at least one piece of documentary evidence that the 'Man player and deserving man' of Burbage's company was the author of the plays of Shakespeare. Dr. Furnivall doubted that the scene was in Shakespeare's hand and added that 'there is nothing necessarily Shakespearean in it.' Fleay was of the same opinion.

"Captain Jaggard also points to the 'signature' of Shakespeare on a copy of Florio's *Montaigne* in the British Museum, but this has been definitely pronounced as a forgery by Sir E. Maunde Thompson and others, and never until now have I heard of anybody who could say a word in favour of the 'Wm. She' on the copy of Ovid's Metamorphoses at the Bodleian Library.

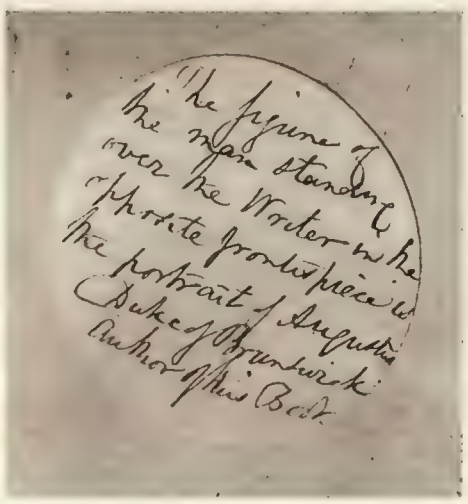
"These are probably relics of the wholesale Shakespeare forgeries of the eighteenth century, when a growing interest in Shakespeare created a demand for portraits and furniture and books complete with 'W. S.' or signatures. It is probable that the copy of Hollinshed's *Chronicles* with the marginalia has been through the hands of one of these clever forgers. In the marginalia are the words 'Justyce' and 'Fortytude.' This has the appearance of an attempt to give a Tudor semblance and neither in the First Folio nor in authentic Shakespeare quartos have I found these words spelt thus. There is an allusion to 'Soape,' but the annotator has committed an anachronism as soap was not in use at that time"

Courtesy of Messrs. Quaritch

AN APT SIMILE: This map was published in England in 1598, and was the first in which the Eastern Islands were shown. Shakespeare refers to it in *Twelfth Night*, where he makes Maria say of Malvolio: "He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies"



A VOLUME MUCH BELOVED OF BACONIANS, who have been known to claim that the figure leaning over that of Shakespeare, depicted seated at a table, is that of Francis Bacon, "the real author of the plays." This particular copy is in the possession of Messrs. Quaritch, the noted London book-dealer



WRITTEN EVIDENCE: The above notes are in the hand of an early owner of the volume shown on left, and without doubt disprove the Baconians' theory indicating instead that the figure standing above Shakespeare is that of the Duke of Brunswick

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

James Laver Creates "Panic Among Puritans"

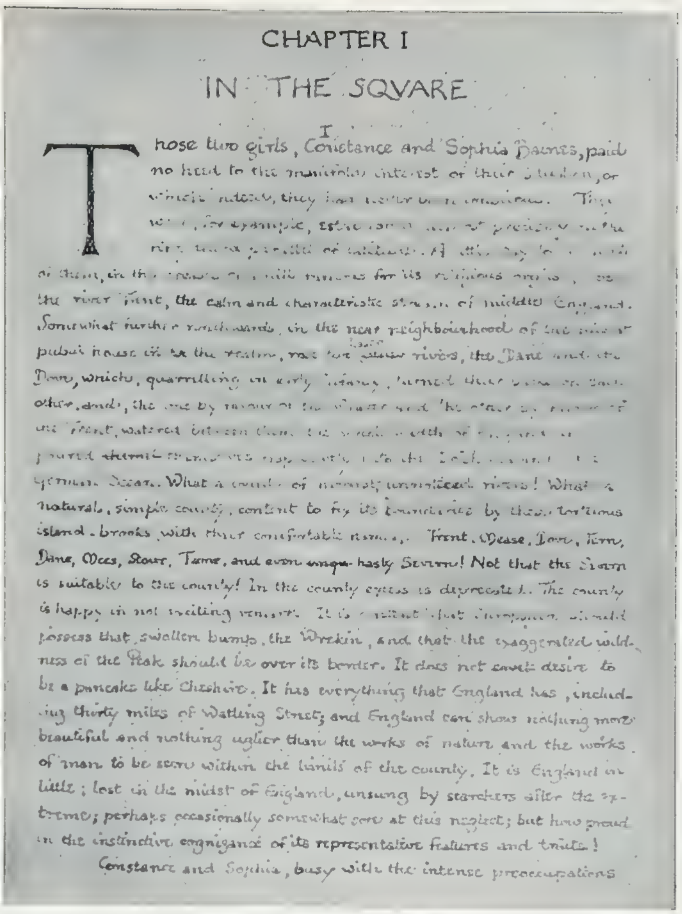
WHEN, on a Sunday afternoon in June, Police Constable Crump was gazing into the rippling waters of a little stream known locally as the Helicon, he was surprised suddenly to discover a beautiful girl bathing. Of course he was not to know that the creature was a naiad; and the knowledge, had he possessed it, may not have prevented him from arresting her. What Mr. Pendlebury, a perfectly preserved specimen of that almost defunct species, a man about town, would have thought had he at once known that the young lady he encountered at the Achilles statue in Hyde Park was none other than Diana, is not set down in Mr. James Laver's **PANIC AMONG PURITANS** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.).

As we discovered in that delightful romp *Nymph Errant*, Mr. James Laver is at his best and wittiest when creating panic among Puritans. In this case it will be seen that his fantasy causes the return to earth of a number of the Greek gods most likely to provoke a disturbance among the sternest upholders of present-day conventional standards. It was a happy inspiration, for instance, to introduce a goddess to Mrs. Bogworthy-Bates' drawing-room, in which was being conducted a meeting of the Society for Providing Homes for Girls. Then there is the encounter of an amorous but calculating mannequin with Jupiter himself.

Mr. Maurice Baring once had a good deal of fun along these lines with Orpheus in Mayfair; and of course that roaring humorist, the late Mr. Thorne Smith, produced one of his best farces by bringing the gods back to Broadway. Not that Mr. Laver is pure farce. There is a good deal of pointed wit in his narrative, as, for instance, when the mannequin suggests to Jupiter that he should put some clothes upon the serving boy because "it puts ideas into people's heads." "Are they not there already?" enquired the god.

Nor need the moral be lost in the point that in the Council of the Gods which ends the book the only one who seems to find modern conditions congenial, and who wishes to stay—and who indeed does stay—is Mars.

Panic Among Puritans is first-class entertainment, though not perhaps a suitable gift for that great-aunt from whom one has expectations.


CHAPTER I

IN THE SQVARE

I

Those two girls, Constance and Sophia Baines, paid

PAGE 1 OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF "THE OLD WIVES' TALE": A literary treasure to be offered for sale at Sotheby's on May 25, together with other MSS. and correspondence of the late Arnold Bennett. In a note written by the author for the facsimile edition of the MS. published in 1927, he said: "I made a number of experiments with the object of forming a 'hand' suitable to myself. The result was discouraging. At length, in the English manner, I reached a compromise, which is to be seen in this book. . . . Unfortunately, perhaps, the book happened to be a long one. I estimated that it would amount to 200,000 words; and the estimate proved to be accurate. . . . Of course, if your manuscript is to have even the most modest pretensions to calligraphic decency, you must know all the time exactly what you are about to do; otherwise, a regular mess will ensue. It will be noticed that now and then in the writing of *The Old Wives' Tale* something rather like a regular mess did ensue, consequence of not having absolutely decided in advance just what I wanted to write, and in what order. The hand can be written as fast as an ordinary hand, and far faster than my thoughts will flow, so that the adoption of it led to no delays. The actual writing occupied less than eight months"

Mr. Vincent Sheean, whose *Personal History* was one of the best books published last year, has just produced a remarkable historical novel **SANFELICE** (Hamilton. 8s. 6d.). The scene of action is set in the unsuccessful Jacobin revolution at Naples in 1799—a page of history which may not be remembered with any pleasure by English historians, and which reflects no credit at all upon that great hero, Nelson.

Through the story move the figures of Lord Nelson, Sir William Hamilton, Lady Hamilton, and a cavalcade of minor royalties connected with the kingdom of Naples at that time. Louise Sanfelice is as foredoomed to a tragic ending as any character in a Greek drama. It is a story of horror, cruelty, and treachery, as terrible as any in the chronicles of man's inhumanity to man. Louise herself was not active in the revolution, becoming involved only through her love for a creature implicated, who rewarded her by a denial which cost her her life.

Beneath the bare tale of these happenings is the deeper purpose of a study of men and motives during violent political upheavals; and the comment is not confined to the time and place in which this particular story moves.

Technically this is not only a great novel, but a very fine piece of writing—not only worth reading but worth studying from the point of view of a craft which many attempt but few master.

"I go among the fields, and catch a glimpse of a stoat or a fieldmouse, peeping out of the withered grass; the creature hath a purpose, and its eyes are bright with it; I go among the buildings of a city, and I see a man hurrying along—to what? The creature hath a purpose and its eyes are bright with it."

Once there was a homely, middle-aged spinster and her eyes were bright with the purpose that John Keats had observed years ago, and which in her case was a desire to help people to be happy; "interferin'" some of the ungrateful ones called it, but never loudly enough to discourage Miss Linsey.

MISS LINSEY AND PA (Longman's. 7s. 6d.) is really the story of Miss Linsey's fight against discouragement, and against the relatively minor pests of poverty, unemployment, loneliness, and blackbeetles. All these afflictions were hers at different times and her life consisted in defeating them and in keeping Pa happy. It is true that Pa was never of a melancholy disposition, but his pleasures, as Miss Linsey would put it, "ran into money," and cutting down his allowance for cinema seats and cosy teas was a delicate matter.

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

Miss Linsey's interference was timid enough, but surprisingly effective. Her first (recorded) attempt was with two singular women, for whom she was keeping house rather against her will. "Miss Linsey hated being called 'Linsey'; it made her feel as though she were a cross between a man and someone in a workhouse." But by the time she left she had managed to get the pretty one engaged to a personable young doctor and had been bitterly insulted by the other one. Her next employment was with a trying young woman who was bringing up her daughter "as though she were a Kana child. . . . Tabiatha was a Fulfilment, a Responsibility, and a means of trying it on the dog; she was thus much more than a mere little darling."

However, luckily for Tabiatha, Miss Linsey cheerfully broke all the household instructions, taught her the forbidden fairy tales, bought her Woolworth dolls and told her about Mickey Mouse. At the end of a few months Tabiatha was a gay normal child and Miss Linsey was dismissed with ignominy.

Finally, Miss Linsey "h'interfered" in the life of her cousin Len, and encouraged him to go back to Boulogne and find the girl with whom he had been in love ever since the war. Soon after that Miss Linsey's father was killed, and sadly, but with one less responsibility to bear, she went to live with her brother Sam, who had always been "the business one of the family," and whose opportune return from South Africa saved Miss Linsey from a kind of genteel starvation.

Naples as Background for an Historical Novel

Miss Stella Gibbons' *Cold Comfort Farm* was a joy which most of us remember gratefully, but even if this new book of hers does not attempt those heights of burlesque, it has its own humour, and I hope I will be proved a good prophet when I foretell a real success for it.

There is a very wide difference between Mr. R. C. Sherriff as a dramatist and as a novelist, and that is not so much a question of degree of excellence as of degree of intensity. His *Journey's End* was one of the dramatic sensations of post-war years and is still being played by the touring companies; his *Fortnight in September*, a touching picture of the yearly holiday of a humdrum family, was deservedly a success as a novel, though it lacked all those sensational characteristics. Not unnaturally Mr. Sherriff is better known as a writer of plays than a writer of books; the plays are their own advertisement, whereas the novels rely on their own restrained sympathy and charm, and on the appeal of the un-obvious.

In **GREEN GATES** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) the author has written a story of the same *milieu* as in his last novel, the modest and respectable family, this time from the neighbourhood of Brondesbury Park, and their worries and ambitions. Baldly, the story is about an elderly man who retires from his long service to a city firm, is unspeakably bored during the first year of his reclusion, and, with his middle-aged wife, takes the risk of buying a house in one of the new garden cities. The step on which they risked so much is a success, Mr. Baldwin shows an unexpected talent for organisation, and the book ends with a comfortably old-fashioned epilogue showing the husband and wife as the centre of the growing community's activities.

"It can't be done, Edie. You know quite well there are only seven days in a week. They begin rehearsing the Christmas play on Wednesday; the juniors want their weekly dances again and . . ."

In its way it is what the Americans call a "success story"; not an exciting one, and not a particularly inspiring one if you realise that the summit of Mr. Baldwin's ambition was to be secretary to the local club; but it is the kind of thing that Mr. Sherriff does supremely well, and he knows the great value of simplicity.

In the same way that too many people pride themselves on their inexpert imitations of Cockney dialogue, and bore their friends to tears with their clumsy (and improbable) renderings of Alf's and Ernie's chatter, so there are a vast number of people who claim to understand the mind of a child, and who write endlessly, and with embarrassing confidence on the subject. Their childhood, they seem compelled to tell us, was their happiest time, and here is their unprompted account of it.

Sometimes, as with French verbs, there is an exception, and of such is Miss Dorothy Whipple, whose autobiography is the most enchanting book of the week. It is an autobiography which stops short at childhood and so by rights it cannot be called a complete one, and yet as one puts it down one feels with the author that it is the story of the most important part of her life, or of anyone's life; that joys can never again be so intense or sorrows so inconsolable, and that "we grow older and come to marvel in our turn that the young understand us no better than we understand them."

The author has a gift which makes **THE OTHER DAY** (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.) as memorable a book as her *Young Anne*, and that is her ability to write about children, not from the distance of maturity, that mysterious "grown-upness," but as if she were still a child, or rather an infant prodigy, with the lucid observation that all children have, and, as well as that, a magical power of expression.

Some of the stories she tells delight me, not because they are touching or absurd or amusing stories about children she knew, but because they so vividly recall my own childish experiences, and that I think will be the charm of her book for all its readers. I would challenge anyone not to recognise the emotion in the tale of the mother's ball dress—"somehow one thing after another was turning out not to be *true*," and the fascination and sick terror of the first day at school.

Apart from anything that I have written, one story should give you the quality of this delicious book, and that is about the very little boy who wrote to his mother "with concentrated indignation, on a post card, 'Sins you hav bin away the chilrun hav treeted me as if I was a fly.'"

GETTING MARRIED

Some Pretty Spring Weddings in Town and Country—The Croydon Musical Festival

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER'S SISTER WEDS: Lady Angela Scott, youngest daughter of the late Duke of Buccleuch and of the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch, arriving at St. Margaret's for her marriage to Lieut.-Cmdr. Peter Dawnay R.N., son of the late Major the Hon. Hugh Dawnay. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated, and among the many guests were the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Alice of Athlone

"COQUETTE": Little Daphne Pearce, of Carshalton, made a charming picture as she waited her turn to dance before the judges at the Croydon Musical Festival—an eagerly-awaited annual event that attracts talented performers from many parts of the country

SOMETHING IN THE AIR: John Smiley, one of the nine child attendants at the St. Margaret's wedding of Mr. Clive Hussey and Miss Betty Kerr-Smiley, allows his attention to wander as he follows the bride and bridegroom from the church. The pages wore suits of crimson satin with cream frills, and the little girls had picture frocks of gold tissue with crimson sashes and caps with crimson bows

On left—THREE LITTLE MAIDS: Diana Campbell, Jane Broughall, and Mary Robinson—the bridesmaids at the wedding of Mr. R. S. Chaplin and Miss Barbara McGrath at St. George's, Hanover Square

WANTON WIND: The bride's veil billowing in the breeze as Miss Meg Hewitt and Mr. Arthur Robinson left St. Peter's Church, Saltaire, Yorkshire, after their wedding a few days ago

FOR A SUMMER CRUISE

□

A Pleasing Trio Ashore or Afloat

□

For lazy days on deck you are certainly going to need well-cut slacks, and here are some which are made in blue or grey worsted flannel, or in grey or beige Palm Beach flannel. They cost 35/9, or in ordinary flannel, 18/9. Admirably tailored, they are very flattering to wear. The wool jersey shirt, in the gayest of colours, is priced 18/9. Both from the Cruising Department at Harrods

On the extreme right is a perfect suit for shore excursions, and since one can never have too much money on a cruise, we have found you one that is remarkably inexpensive. In grey flannel, with an inverted pleat at the front and the back of the skirt, it costs 70/-. The Aertex shirt can be yours for 5/11, and the grey felt hat, with its neat navy quill, for 20/-. All from Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, W.

Nothing is more delightful to wear and to look at than a really charming beach frock, and on the right we have photographed for you one that is made in a heavy blue and white linen. It is backless, with cord shoulder straps, and it is made in other colours. The adjustable skirt wraps round the figure, and the price is 59/6. This too comes from Harrods

IMPROVEMENTS IN SURREY: Work in progress on the new Mickleham by-pass road which, when completed, will materially relieve the week-end congestion in the vicinity of Box Hill

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I. Mech.E.

Trial Runs in the New "Big Bentley" and 25-30-h.p. Rolls-Royce — A *Signpost* in Every Car — Two Hotels to Note

NOT so long ago a new Bentley with an enlarged engine was announced, and now a 4¼-litre Rolls-Royce is purchasable. I am lucky enough to be one of the few motoring journalists who, up to the moment, have been able to try both these new cars. Being myself the very pleased possessor of a 3½-litre Bentley, which I have driven over a distance exceeding 18,000 miles, I really did not believe it possible that a very slight increase in the cubic capacity of the engine could make such a remarkable difference. The big Bentley, if I may call it by that name, is, I should think, the most astonishing motor car that can be bought to-day. It is in no sense a racing car, and it is so unlike what is usually considered to be a sports car that I scarcely like to put it in that class. To all outward appearance it is exactly the same as the 3½-litre model and the only way the casual observer can detect which is which is by looking at the licence disc on the windscreen. I found that the acceleration was really fierce, but not unpleasantly and yet it gets into its stride with the same silence which is characteristic of the modern Bentley. As regards all-out speed I pushed the speedometer up to 96 m.p.h. on Brooklands track, which is not a lot more than the maximum of the smaller car. The difference, however, lies in the fact that the big engined car gets to that speed and to all intermediate ones in a much shorter space of time than the other car. An alternative axle ratio is procurable and with this there is not a shadow of doubt that the car can pass the 100 m.p.h. mark.

I was surprised to notice that another effect of having the larger engine was to steady the car though I must frankly admit that until I had this test run I had thought nothing could be steadier than my own Bentley.

I have mentioned that I have covered over 18,000 miles in my own vehicle and I feel I must give vent to my feelings regarding its running. Friends often say to me, "Why ever do you want to spend over £1,000 on a car when for half that sum you can buy two or three other different makes that will do 90 or nearly so?" I am glad to say that one of these friends quite suddenly bought a Bentley the other day and he had the fairness of mind to come to me and make an open confession that having driven his new car for just 200 miles he now completely understood where the difference came in. It is not the fact that the Bentley does 90 m.p.h. that sells it. It is the way it does its 90 m.p.h. that makes it worth every penny of its price. It is literally a sheer joy to drive such a thoroughbred piece of machinery and I am convinced that although my passengers inform me how much pleasure they have derived from a run in the car they do not derive half the joy I experience in working the controls. I cannot believe that there is any other car made that is half as safe at speed with the result that even a timid driver can definitely use the power at his command and yet feel that he is not increasing the risk of danger to himself or other road users.

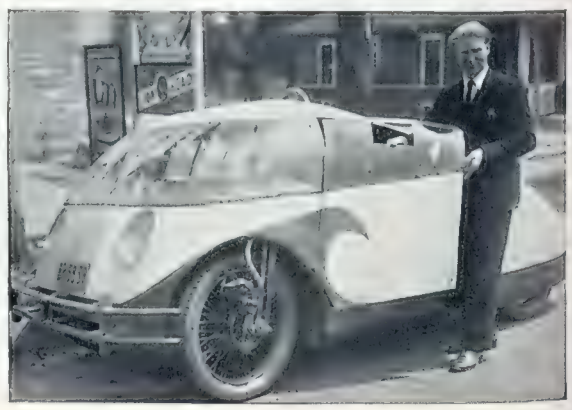
GRACE AND SPEED COMBINED: A new 2-litre M.G. at Godstow, near Oxford. Roominess is a special feature of the body which includes a capacious luggage boot

BUILDING FOR SAFETY: A huge concrete viaduct, a quarter of a mile long, in course of erection at Irthlingborough, Northants. It completes the by-pass started a few years ago and eliminates a level crossing and a narrow bridge

Another great attraction which appeals to every Bentley as well as every Rolls-Royce owner is that he is certain of care-free motoring for many, many years and that the second-hand value of his car is practically known to a penny at any time and the depreciation is very small compared with the original outlay.

The 25–30-h.p. Rolls-Royce car that I tried was bodied with a very comfortable but rather heavy specimen of coachwork and, as the 20–25-h.p. Rolls-Royces which I have previously owned have all been fitted with very light sports saloons, it was a little difficult for me to make a comparison, but the day's run I had on the car was sufficient to prove to me that its performance is much better than that of any of the previous Rolls I have owned. With a sports saloon body on the chassis I am certain that the acceleration would be most pronounced. I think I can say with every conviction that the performance of the 25–30-h.p. model is as superior to that of the 20–25-h.p. car as is the 4¼-litre Bentley compared with the 3½-litre model.

CURIOSITIES: Two strange vehicles which have recently made their appearance on the roads of their respective countries. That on the left hails from France, is steered by the back wheel and driven by the front. The car on the right was designed by Dr. Calvin B. Bridges of Pasadena, California. It is claimed to be wreck-proof and proof against carbon-monoxide gas



Two new Wolseley cars have recently been announced. They are respectively of 10-h.p. and 12-h.p., and therefore should be termed light cars. The well-known Wolseley Super-Sixes have already been in the hands of the public for a time, and they have been extremely successful, and it looks to me as if these new models will give the same satisfaction to their owners that has been the case with their larger brothers. Wolseleys have recognised that what one might term "light-car motoring" is growing up, and its devotees expect luxury and good performance. It is in order to meet that expectation that these new cars have been produced. Both models have four-cylinder engines with overhead valves operated by push-rods. The power unit develops a surprising amount of "horse," and is fitted with such up-to-date devices as thermostat cooling, down-draught carburettor, silencer and fume-consumer, automatic ignition advance, and dual silencers in the exhaust system. The gear-box gives the driver four synchromesh gears, the control lever of which is placed conveniently. The equipment also comprises spring steering wheel, permanent hydraulic jacks, fog-lamp, and reverse light. There is certainly nothing left out which could add to either the convenience or the comfort of the driver and his passengers.

We motorists who belong to the R.A.C. and the A.A. usually carry about with us the handbooks published by these bodies. In these publications we are given a very useful comprehensive list of hotels, and I may say that I never go through a strange town where I have to spend the night without consulting one or other of these handbooks. The merits or de-merits of an hotel can quickly be gauged by consulting the books. Sometimes, however, we want a little more information which could not possibly be given in these handbooks unless they were made absurdly bulky. A book which supplies this extra information is, however, in existence, and the second edition has just been published. It is called *Signpost*, and is published by Simpkin, Marshall, Ltd. A man I know very well, W. G. McMinnies, has written it. He has visited every one of the establishments and clubs which are included in its pages. The book is very nicely produced, and is illustrated with most attractive photographs.

In addition there are a large number of maps which show the reader exactly where the hostel or club is situated. I have known Mr. McMinnies for twenty-four years and I know perfectly well that he is an individual who knows what the motorist requires. He is also a man who would not include in his book an establishment which did not honestly meet with his approval. I therefore consider that *Signpost* is an exceedingly valuable publication, and one which can be of great assistance to a car owner.

Talking about hotels, I myself visit quite a number in the course of a twelve-month. Many of them I do not visit a second time, but I have recently come across two which are really good as far as meals are concerned. I have not stayed at either of them so that I can give no personal experience on that side of their activities. The two hotels I have in mind are the East Arms at Hurley on the Henley–Oxford road and the Cromwell Hotel at Stevenage. At both places the charge for dinner is 5s., and the food is good, well cooked, and quickly served.

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WEDDING BELLS IN SURREY: *Left*—Miss Frances Fryer, a noted squash racquets and lawn tennis player, and her father, who is the deputy secretary of the Automobile Association, pictured as they arrived at Christ Church, Sutton, for the former's wedding to Mr. George Alexander Murray. *Right*—The bride and bridegroom leaving after the ceremony

ORGANIST MARRIES ORGANIST: Mr. Henry Washington, Music Director at Brompton Oratory, and Miss Ursula Rigby, player at St. Catherine's Church, Birmingham, leaving the Oratory after their wedding a few days ago

FIANCE AND FIANCÉE: Lord Waleran, a former member of the staff of the Governor General of New Zealand, and Miss Elizabeth Carr, daughter of Sir Emsley Carr, the newspaper proprietor, whose engagement is announced

AN EYE-WITNESS IN ETHIOPIA

(Continued from page 237)

The Ethiopian is without doubt one of the bravest soldiers in the whole world. He is proud, and to foreigners seems arrogant, but he has been brought up to fighting and always taught of the successes of his forefathers. He is not afraid to die; he is immensely patriotic, proud of his land and belief that he is one of God's chosen people and a descendant of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

The Ethiopians like raw meat, and when they can they eat this, but if, and in times of war this is often, it is unprocurable, they feed on cereals. They are fine marksmen and have learned the value of each cartridge.

The regular army has been trained by European officers. Each man carries a rifle and a belt of cartridges and is dressed in khaki. All are barefooted. Their greatest and perhaps only advantage over a modern army is their rapidity of movement, their immensely superior eye-sight and their ability to surprise an enemy by camouflage.

They have not one single military aeroplane. They have not one pound of chemicals or poison gas, nor, until very recently, did they possess anti-aircraft guns. They still have no big-calibre guns, and they, therefore, rely practically solely on a rifle and cartridges.

Apart from the regular army, the soldiers have often very antiquated rifles and less than a belt-full of cartridges, with the impossibility of replenishment. They wear white clothes which, if a uniform is impossible to obtain, have to be dipped in mud-water in order to make them brown and less distinguishable to the Italians. Those—and they are thousands—who have not got rifles, go to battle with sticks and knives, and sometimes only sticks; bows and arrows and flints are also some biblical weapons.

They make the roads with a long iron bar worked by two men. This iron bar has an edge one end, and with this amazingly big pieces of rock are broken off, then two other men with a smaller iron bar break this, and lastly the pieces are broken into chips with a hammer made sometimes of iron and sometimes of flint.

The Ethiopian's best fighting qualities are seen in guerilla warfare, but it has been proved in this war so many times that he has just disappeared, either gone home or elsewhere when if he had stayed a few more hours, and pressed the advantages of surprise and mobility, he would have gained a considerable victory. This is where a great many times his guerilla tactics have failed, through lack of co-ordination with advance patrols and other units.

Violet Cressy-Marcks

This England . . .

OUR fathers built many an airy miracle in stone that wind and weather have but enriched. And the men who wrought so finely were themselves fine wrought by the wind and weather of tradition. Much of their slow and thoughtful care in the making of good things is with us still—sometimes in unsuspected places. Your simple glass of Worthington, for instance, embodies all that is best in the tradition of brewing fine English beer for fine English craftsmen. You like Worthington because you find it good — you find it good because it is part of your great heritage.

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SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"

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IN all directions they go now, the cruising liners. If the winter months are more or less the preserve of the leisured classes, the summer ones offer a very much wider range of itineraries, and there are enough sailings between May and September to suit everybody's plans. Calm seas and clear skies moreover, if they cannot actually be guaranteed, are at any rate a relative certainty for a large proportion of the time, and even a dull day on board ship is not an intolerable experience. Time passes nowhere more quickly and pleasantly than at sea. One gets up in the morning feeling as though one had an endless vista of idleness ahead and then, almost without giving it another thought, one suddenly discovers that unless one hurries over dressing one will be late for dinner. It is surely a good life when the only fault you can find with it is that days slip away too fast for you to be able to make enough of them.

LOOKING OUT ON GEIRANGER FJORD: One of western Norway's incomparable beauty spots

IN THE SHADOW OF SNOW-CLAD PEAKS: A cruising liner at anchor in lovely Raftsund Fjord

How much can you make of a fortnight's or three weeks' or six weeks' cruise, then? What sort of places can you see? To answer these questions comprehensively would mean embarking on a description of almost every mile of coastline in Europe, from the North Cape and Leningrad on the one hand, and Gibraltar and Istanbul on the other; then taking the north and west African coasts; then hopping across the Atlantic to Canada and North America; or the West Indies; or even south to Brazil and up the Amazon for a 1,000 miles, not forgetting Madeira and the Canary Islands en route. We cannot cover all the ground, but we can give an outline that we hope will help our cruise-minded readers out of their *embarras de richesses*, and provide them with a peg on which to hang their own ideas about a holiday. If they want more detailed information, they have only to write to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, and we will gladly tell them.

THE ROYAL NAVAL MUSEUM AT STOCKHOLM: A building of impressive proportions housing a magnificent collection of relics from the time of the Vikings to the present day. The place was designed by Professor Ragnar Ostberg, who was also responsible for Stockholm's City Hall

IN THE MODERN MANNER: A striking block of offices in Copenhagen that contrasts interestingly with the buildings depicted on the left and right

The capitals of the Scandinavian States have a beauty about them that is quite their own. And yet, although for descriptive purposes they are generally lumped together, Copenhagen, Oslo, and Stockholm are each as different from one another as chalk from cheese. Copenhagen, with its pleasant red brick buildings, reminiscent, in their air of quiet dignity and wellbeing, of Georgian England, is a place where one immediately feels at home.

The first thing that the newly arrived visitor notices is the quite fantastic number of bicycles in the streets; they go sweeping along in hordes, everybody rides them, and in the shopping quarters there are special stands put out to which they may be tethered. But neither the architecture nor the bicycles must lead you to suppose for one instant that Copenhagen is "slow" or provincial. On the contrary, it is a very gay place, with smart people and smart shops and good restaurants and amusing night clubs. And then there is that fascinating place, the Tivoli, a kind of up-to-date Vauxhall Gardens, where you can engage in almost any pastime, from travelling by switchback to listening to a classical concert.

Stockholm is conceived on a more imposing scale, with its famous City Hall (the prototype of all "modern" Scandinavian architecture), which no longer appears quite so modern as it did even ten years ago, but is acquiring now a certain touch of mellowness that emphasises its beauty. Stockholm is changing fast—for all its historical buildings, it is essentially a city of to-day, moving with the times; the capital of a country with great natural wealth that stands in the vanguard of progress. But the historical sights are worthy of attention, too. That it is sometimes called the "Venice of the North" must not be interpreted too literally. The fact that there is a good deal of open water about is really its only point of resemblance with Venice, and the lovely wooded country round about could belong to nowhere other than Scandinavia. If you have an opportunity of seeing Upsala this should on no account be missed; it is Sweden's chief university town, a place of great antiquity, with a very fine cathedral. Another place of particular interest is Visby, on the Island of Gottland, where many cruising liners call. Visby retains more of its treasures and is more evocative of the past than almost any other town I know, and the Gottland landscape is a perfect setting for it. There are some lovely old buildings to look at and, incidentally, about 10,000 ft. of walls round which to walk.

Next let us take Norway—a big subject when you look on the map and see how many fjords there are, and start to wonder just what it is about Oslo that is so particularly attractive. Perhaps its simplicity, the simplicity that governs the whole life of the people, is the most outstanding characteristic. In summer, for instance, there is a general exodus from the centre of the capital to the shores of the fjord on which it is situated, where everybody has a little wooden house (almost literally "everybody"; Norway is a real democracy), and leads an easy, informal existence, with bathing and sailing as the order of the day. The approach to Oslo up the fjord, with low, pine-covered hills completing the background and the white sails of the yachts reflecting vividly in the water, is enchanting, and if it happens to be one's first Norwegian port of call gives one a very happy impression of the country.

The Norwegian coast, with its myriad fjords and islands, must be one of the most romantic in the world, and until cruising liners extended their range right up to the North Cape, it was one of the least known to travellers. The landscape varies from quietly pastoral to the grandeur of immense, bare mountains dropping sheer down to the dark water of the fjords.

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DISEMBARKING AT BARCELONA: One of the most popular of the Mediterranean ports of call

PRIMITIVE TRANSPORT IN MADEIRA: A mule drawn sledge, locally known as a "carro," used for taking passengers up one of the island's cobbled roads

SOUTH.—South to the Atlantic Isles and West Africa, to the coasts of Spain and Portugal, the Western Mediterranean . . . These cruising grounds are old favourites now—known to thousands of voyagers, for whom the Bay of Biscay has lost all its traditional terrors. Indeed, it is sometimes hard to believe that the Bay ever does anything to deserve its reputation; true, I have been through it only about half-a-dozen times myself, but on all those occasions except one it was about as calm as the Serpentine.

Debating the merits of a summer cruise to the south, one's first question is, inevitably, "will it be too hot?" And the answer to this, let me lose no time in saying, is, "it will not." It will be hot enough for you to be in and out of the open-air deck swimming pool all day long if you want to, hot enough to lie and sun bathe, hot enough to give you an excuse for dropping asleep between lunch time and tea time. But not too hot.

People who affirm that they know have often assured me that the only two places at sea where it is really too hot are the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. They may be right. Indeed, they certainly are right as far as the parts covered by cruising itineraries are concerned. There is something marvellously alive and stimulating in the summer sunlight and the warm summer breezes of the south. You begin to feel it on about the second morning out, and you can no longer doubt it by the time you are off the coast of Portugal.

A visit to Lisbon is always pleasant, for it is an attractive, bright town and one can drive round it comfortably in a morning or afternoon, seeing the sights and tasting the port. A visit to Madeira is even pleasanter, for this flower filled island is really a most lovely place—from its volcanic origin it derives a strange, exotic charm and a wealth of colour that continually astonishes the eye. The Canary Islands, too, have these same qualities, and a first distant sight of the great peak of Teneriffe arouses expectations that are not disappointed. There are marvellous sunrises and sunsets, bathing from palm fringed beaches, and some interesting excursions to be made to places in the interior both of Teneriffe and Grand Canary.

No less attractive, talking of islands, are the Balearics, and most western Mediterranean cruises include a visit to Palma, the capital of Majorca. Even a day on shore gives you some idea of why people who have been there once are apt to talk about it so ecstatically.

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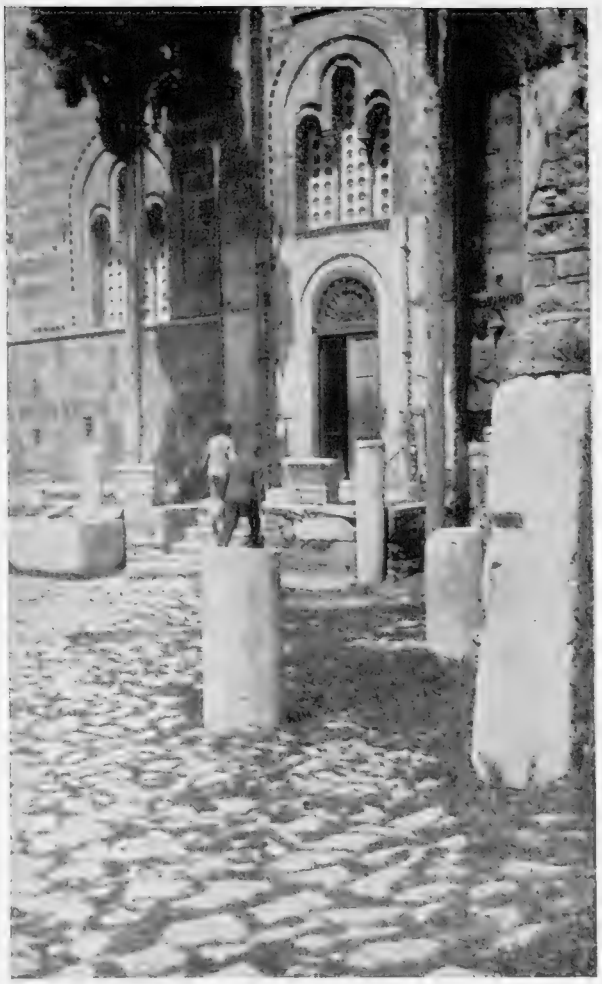
EAST.—This means the eastern Mediterranean: not so popular in high summer, when boats which are generally in these waters are going more to Scandinavia, but a certain number of cruises are scheduled to touch at interesting places such as Malta, Istanbul, and Athens—to take only three—during the coming months.

Malta has been so much in the news throughout the past year that one is sometimes inclined to forget that in addition to being an important naval base, it is also amongst the most historically interesting islands in the Mediterranean, rich in evidence of civilisations that stretch back over thousands of years. It is literally honeycombed with tombs and temples, which have as yet by no means been thoroughly excavated. Then, in addition, there is the more recent (for Malta quite modern) association with the Knights Templars, to whose power and wealth the fine Renaissance palaces of Valetta bear witness. Athens, of course, is remarkable from the fact that it is the only place left in the world from which one can still get a living idea of what a classical Greek city must have looked like, and a morning spent amongst the ruins of the Acropolis is unforgettable.



THE MONASTERY CHURCH OF DAPHNI: An historic building, near Athens, that dates from the eleventh century and is notable for its beautiful though fragmentary mosaics, which have now been successfully restored. During the Middle Ages the Frankish kings of Athens were crowned here

WEST.—Here is the real novelty of the 1936 summer cruising season: short cruises to America and Canada at rates which are by no means prohibitive. In conjunction with these an extremely interesting range of overland tours on the other side has been planned. To enter the New World by way of the great St. Lawrence waterway is an exhilarating experience. To explore Quebec, with its curious contrasts between old and new, is something else that is well worth doing. To see the Niagara Falls would in itself perhaps be worth a journey across the Atlantic, but once you are there a visit to them provides an amusing and revealing excursion into organised romance, and as for New York—well, either you do like it or you don't, and there is no possible way of finding out except by going there.

Richard Nowell

CANADA'S CAPITAL AND GARDEN CITY: Looking across the Ottawa river to the imposing Parliament Buildings, Ottawa. America is at last coming into its own as an objective of English holidaymakers

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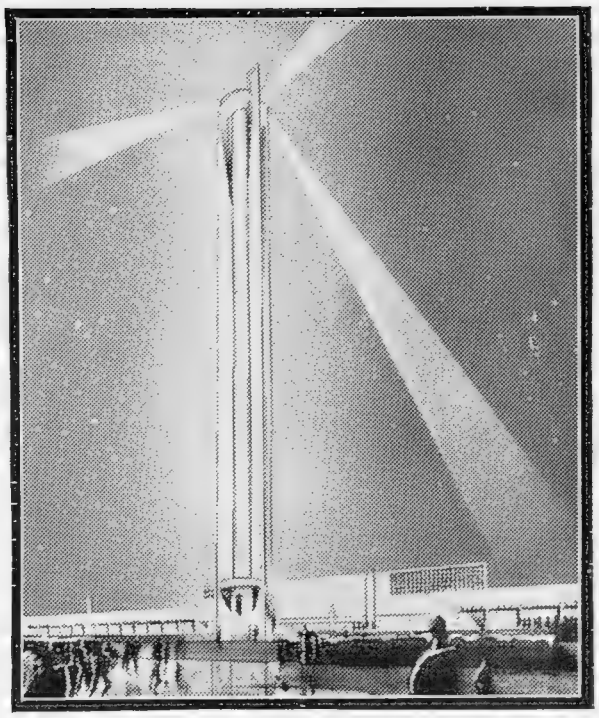

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THE MODERN NOTE IN ANTWERP: A skyscraper building towering above Belgium's great industrial city

CONSIDERING all the currency difficulties with which the Europe of to-day is beset, one is almost surprised that foreign travel should still be possible at all. But the taste for it dies hard—or rather, would die hard, if the efforts which are being made to find ways of mitigating them were less successful than they are. Actually, if our post bag may be taken as a guide, considerably more English people are planning Continental holidays this year than for some time.

Hotel prices have come down everywhere, and train fares are for the most part greatly reduced—really fantastically reduced from what they were a few years ago. And the Continent still retains its fascination, although from reading the daily papers one might not always think so! The desirability of going abroad to learn something of other peoples' points of view has been urged often enough not to need repeating here. It may, however, be said that never was that kind of knowledge more needed than it is to-day, and never were the opportunities for acquiring it more favourable.

Take Belgium, for instance, one of our nearest neighbours. How much better to be able to visualise Belgium as the country which possesses such pleasant cities as Bruges and Ghent, Brussels, and the splendid university centre of Louvain, than just as a name that figures in treaties and political discussions. Then there is a whole row of seaside resorts, where the bathing is excellent and the social life extremely gay, when one wants a change from looking at art treasures and *monuments historiques*. But it is in the old cities, with their fine cathedrals and civic buildings, their belfries from which the mellow carillon rings out, their quaint, gabled roofs and quiet canals, that one really discovers the heart of Belgium. It is a country with the happy facility of always making you feel glad you have come abroad . . . and Belgian cooking is excellent.

Now take France. There are still all too many people to whom Paris is just a name and not a reality. Yet once you have been there, once you have stood in the Tuileries Gardens and looked across the Place de la Concorde, up the Champs Elysées to the distant Arc de Triomphe, gleaming through the haze of a fine summer morning, or passed suddenly from brilliant sunshine into the cool, dim nave of Notre Dame, or watched the night-time pageant of life on the Boulevards, or wandered in the gardens of Versailles—once you have tasted all these pleasures you will understand, even if you cannot explain, just why Paris "gets" people in a way that no other capital city does.

ON THE GRAND PLACE, BRUSSELS: The house of the Dukes of Brabant; the façade picked out in gold. A scene in what is perhaps the finest medieval square in Europe and the focus, through the centuries, of the life of the country

For summer holidays Brittany has long been popular with English people, and deservedly so. To start with, it is easy to get to—a comfortable night journey from Southampton to St. Malo; then again, it is a place of rare and picturesque charm, with a lovely coastline, rocky and sandy by turns; some fashionable *plages* such as Dinard, St. Briac, and Paramé, as well as a whole

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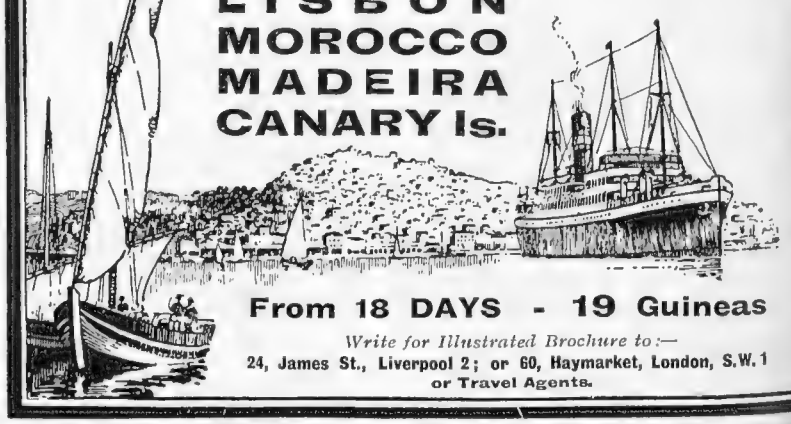

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ON THE CONTINENT

Drawn by Percy Home

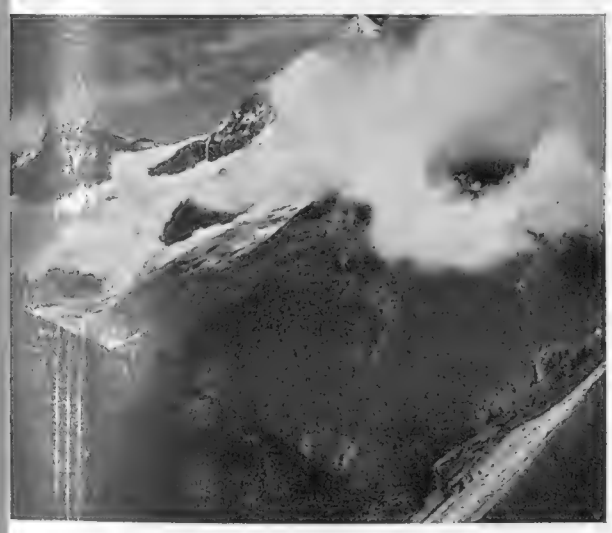
OVERLOOKING THE WINDING SEINE: The main gateway of the thirteenth-century castle of Tancarville, which stands on a bluff 165 ft. above the river. This entrance leads to extensive grounds in which is situated a mansion of later date

host of smaller places, particularly to the south of Brest where French people go, but not very many English.

The Bretons are a curious race, Celtic by origin and preserving to this day their own customs and their own language; the national costumes that they still wear on Sundays and special occasions are, of course, well known, but it is always gratifying when you encounter them in remote places, to realise that they are not put on just for the benefit of tourists. There is one special "sight" that is of interest to those who have a taste for the antique, namely the Druidic remains at Carnac, slightly inland from Quiberon Bay, which are very extensive and rather similar in their arrangement to those at Avebury. Until recent years, few people ever thought of going to see them, but now, with the development of Carnac Plage they are getting better known.

Now, by way of contrast, let us glance at Switzerland. Switzerland enjoyed great popularity this winter, and looks like doing so again in the summer. The combination of mountains and lakes, climbing and bathing, is a good, invigorating one, and wherever you go there are always marvellous expeditions and motor drives to be made. Lucerne, for example, is an admirable centre throughout the summer, while during the earlier summer months, Lugano, south of the Alps, takes a lot of beating. It is a very pretty little town, Italian in character, and the lake on which it is situated is extraordinarily beautiful.

But these are only two places among many, so many, in fact, that in a general sketch it would be misleading to signal out a few for special mention, since they all have their individual advantages, and one can only choose between them according to one's own particular requirements.



THE CLOUD-CAPPED WEISSHORN: The 14,800 ft. peak viewed from Zermatt. It was first scaled in 1861

The same thing applies to Austria, though it is safe to urge the claims of Salzburg as a brilliant social centre during the summer festival; to recommend the lakes of the Salzkammergut for quiet holidays in the prettiest surroundings possible.

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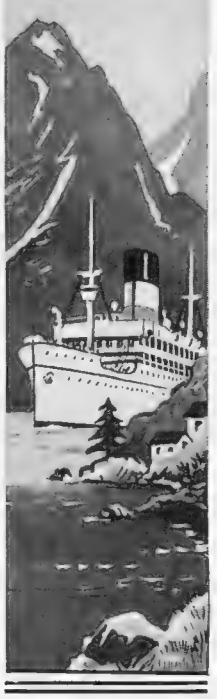

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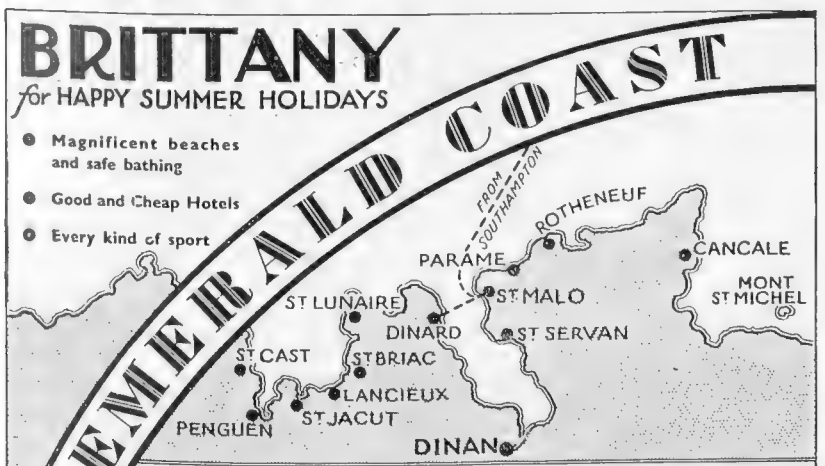

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TRAVEL MISCELLANY

Notes for the 1936 Cruising Season

THE Canadian Pacific Tours to Canada and the United States this summer range in cost between £45 and £90, and none of them is shorter than eighteen days. These fares are inclusive of everything on the tour; tourist class liner travel, 1st class rail, hotel accommodation, and sightseeing. In addition, the *Empress of Britain* will be doing fortnightly "turn round" tours across the Atlantic, starting on June 20.

* * *

American and Canadian tours are also an outstanding feature of the Cunard White Star Company's summer programme, and as some of them are connected with the *Queen Mary's* sailings, they are arousing a good deal of interest. The slogan is, "Three days in New York from £3 15s." while more extended tours—of eighteen, twenty-three, and twenty-five days—take one right across the American continent. The rates for these are from £41 to £62.

* * *

The Elder Dempster Line are continuing their popular arrangements for round trips to points on the West Coast of Africa—Bathurst, Freetown, Monrovia, Takoradi, Accra, Lagos, Port Harcourt, Calabar, and Victoria. Fares range between £58 and £92, with special reductions for the near relations of men who are already in West Africa. The round trip takes 39 days and there are two sailings in June and three in July. The same ships also call at Madeira and Las Palmas (Canary Islands).

* *

The Yeoward Line offers yet another means of going south into the sun. Their boats call at Lisbon, Morocco, Madeira, and the Canary Islands, and there are frequent sailings, with round trip fares from upwards of £20 for 18 days.

* *

The comfortable *Atlantis*, of the Royal Mail Line, has one outstandingly ambitious cruise this summer—right up to Spitzbergen (weather permitting), and including two calls at Icelandic ports. This cruise starts on July 26 and will take thirty days. There are also a number of Royal Mail cruises to rather more conventional places during the coming months.

The *Voltaire* and the *Vandyck*, those two admirable ships of the Lamport and Holt Line, have a busy programme, and their two Whitsun cruises, both starting on Saturday, May 30, are bound to be popular. The *Voltaire* goes to Gibraltar, Casablanca, Santa Cruz de la Palma, Madeira, and Lisbon, and will be away eighteen days; the *Vandyck* to Gibraltar, Palma (Majorca), Ceuta and Lisbon, for thirteen days. The lowest fares are respectively twenty-four and sixteen guineas.

The Booth Line cruises up the Amazon retain their popularity, and anyone who is likely to have six weeks to spare should make a note of forthcoming sailing dates—June 5 and August 7 are the next two, and the fares are £75, £80, or £85.

* * *

Everybody knows about Cook's, but not everybody knows about their book, *Summer Holidays Abroad*, an extremely comprehensive publication which covers practically the whole of Europe, as well as South Africa, Canada, the United States, etc., and gives a complete chronological list of the season's cruises. Quite apart from its usefulness in helping you to settle specific points it is a pleasant book to browse in and from which to get ideas.

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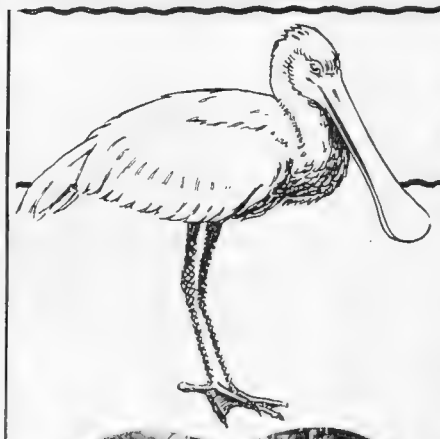

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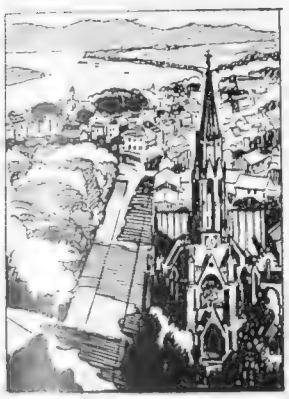

And then Germany with its varied scenic attractions, its cities of art, music and science; Berlin, the venue this year of the Olympic Games — Dresden, Leipzig, Cologne.

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In Quest of

The Spa Hotel, Bath—on Person

SINCE the commencement of these weekly articles I have been appalled on the one hand at the speed at which the weeks roll by, yet on the other wishful that they would go even quicker, and so enable me to cope with the growing "waiting list" of good hotels which deserve to be brought to the notice of readers.

This week, with thoughts of the freshness of spring foliage everywhere, and the knowledge that at no time of the year is Britain more beautiful, I am "taking you over," to use an epithet of modern origin, to historic Bath, and in particular to a picked spot in a purely residential part, away from the "busyness" of Bath proper, to an hotel which is one of the best advertised hotels in the country yet pays little or nothing for its publicity. The reason for this is that it is almost all done by word of mouth; that is, personal recommendations of those who have stayed there.

I always try to avoid superlatives when writing about hotels, but the Spa Hotel, Bath, is justified in using the word magnificent. It is magnificent in its situation, only about a mile, I suppose from the pump room, baths, and other attractions of Bath. Standing on the terrace outside the front door, or better still surveying the scene from the upper windows or roof, one feels lord of all one surveys. Immediately around and below are nine acres of lawns, flower gardens; and copper beeches, cedars, and chestnut trees magnificent in their leaf and diverse leanings.

Beyond is Bath itself and its cluster of hills. And adjacent to the hotel are the links of the Bath golf club, magnificently near for those who like to make a late start yet get in their morning round with comfort before luncheon.

Architecturally the Spa Hotel was designed, both within and without, on definitely classic lines, but the decorations and furnishings are so gay and cleverly blended that one suspects that they may prove quite an important factor in effecting the "cure" for those who come to Bath for health reasons.

In a short article like this one cannot catalogue all one's impressions, but points which particularly struck me on the ground floor were the glass-fronted, cheerful colonnade which runs a considerable way along one side of the building; the dining hall, which I should imagine could accommodate 200 easily; the palatial ballroom, and everywhere plenty of space, yet withal a feeling of cosiness.

But magnificence does not end with the public rooms at the Spa Hotel, Bath, it begins. I do not suppose there is another hotel which has so many private suites . . . or one floor consisting entirely of single bedrooms with private bathrooms attached. And though there is no need to tell you that they are delightfully furnished, as they are, a little incident occurred while I was there

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

A Place that Thrives Recommendation

which proved that magnificence reigns upstairs as well as on the ground floor. As I was walking along one of the corridors with Mr. Keyser, the manager, a lady stopped us and said "Excuse me Mr. Keyser, but could you tell me where your hotel gets its mattresses, I have never slept more magnificently."

What is the secret of the success of this hotel which spends so little on advertising and yet gets so well advertised? I can give it to you in two words—good management. I know not who the board of directors are, but they have had the good sense to appreciate that unless the mainspring is right—that is the manager—the other cogs in the delicate mechanism needed to run an hotel cannot function properly. Hence the appointment a year or so ago of Mr. U. A. Keyser, not only one of the most experienced hoteliers in this country but in any other country.

Mr. Keyser combines Swiss training with English experience. Reticent in manner until you know him, quiet in command and a good listener, Mr. Keyser has an understanding of what a staff can perform and visitors ought to receive.

One of my reasons for writing about the Spa Hotel at Bath this week is that I know how really magnificent a holiday can be had there in the month of May. Bath lies below you, with her municipal orchestra, concerts—and her baths, if need be. Beautiful Britain lies around—the Mendips, the Cotswolds, the Quantocks, with Wells, Cheddar, Glastonbury, and Malmesbury all within motoring distance. And at eventide there is the Spa Hotel, the hotel magnificent.

To conclude this article I will give a few routes, which I recently sent to a SPHERE reader, to indicate what an excellent motoring centre Bath is, and a few picked places known to me personally where you can lunch, tea, or dine with confidence.

Bath–Wells–Glastonbury–Taunton–Exeter, 81 miles. Return via Honiton–Yeovil–Shepton Mallet–Radstock–Bath, total mileage 165 miles. Suggested halting places, The Castle Hotel, Taunton, The Royal Clarence Hotel, Exeter, The Highland Fling Tea Rooms, Honiton.

Bath–Salisbury–Southampton–Lyndhurst – Fordingbridge – Shaftesbury – Frome–Bath, total mileage 132½ miles. I suggest that you stop for lunch at the Polygon Hotel, Southampton, or "Holmfield," the entrance to which is opposite the Grand, at Lyndhurst.

And if you go northwards from Bath, do not forget to make a note of the Bear Inn at Rodborough Common.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

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A HOME (FLEET) FROM HOME

(*Continued from page 238*)

Not that it is uniformly easy, this local entente, with Gibraltar acting as asylum for very-wanted refugees, some of whom are hanging on in the hope of getting money and valuables smuggled over, perhaps sewn away in cars or hidden under vegetables. Recollect that no fewer than 8,000 Spaniards troop over to Gibraltar (or shoot across in lorries and buses) from 6 a.m. onwards each morning, to return to Spain before 10 p.m. each night, when garrison gates are closed to all, even residents.

There are 18,000 civilian Gibraltarians, not British subjects unless they wish to be. Add to this the 2nd Gordons and the 1st "Koylis," plus increased quantities of Gunners and R.E. and Supply Services, plus Staff and Civil Government, and families of all concerned, not forgetting le Home Fleet when ashore most evenings, plus *its* appendages in the relations line, and you have a pretty crowded Rock. In fact never has it been nearly so crowded, nor ever have the locals known such prosperity, for in addition there is the steadily growing spate of cruisists, those predatory folk who fill Main Street, out for bargains in a free port. The bazaars claim one-third London prices for scents, cigars, silks, and stockings, in fact for most things, but of course once the Parsee gents lure you inside, 'tis other, very other. Not that the Rock isn't pleasurably cheap just now, but that is through yet one further twist in the currency tragi-comedy. For reasons too tortuous or dull to enter into, you can get six more pesetas to the £ in Gib. than anywhere else. This peseta-valuta business, and the problem of motor noise, constitute the principal local topics for the Fleet no less than the Garrison markets ashore, through interpreters, and prices unjustifiably tend to advance with sterling's increased value, and Fleet and Garrison won't stand for it.

Strolling in the fresh and luxuriant Alameda, with "Reveille" afloat and ashore intermittently impinging on the early-morning stillness (how fine it is—a thrill—to listen to the Fleet being sent to bed, or piping down, or whatever they call it; one capital ship's bugle-call passing on to the next), wandering in Alameda serenity, you suddenly think of the vast interior of the Rock, 200 yards away. "Pretty well hollow by now," I was told. "They say they've got seven years' stores inside in case there's another siege, but I shouldn't take that too seriously. What they have got are the most astonishing caves and electrical wonders of all sorts. And enough air-raid room for the whole population. They've had rehearsals, and are getting used to black-cuts, but not to gas-masks.

To finish roughly where I began, with the necessity for distraction.

The films shown ashore are rotten. *Red Gap* was the only one in nearly a fortnight worth crossing the street to see—and shouldn't something be done about it because the cinema is very nearly the men's only amusement apart from drinking beer in packed, suffocating cafés, listening to all-girl jazzbands interspersed with tap dancing and "features" consisting in getting over as much of the feminine body as a British Garrison sanctions? We are here on thinnest ice. My typewriter should properly be handed over to the medical man I spoke with. Howbeit: I trust Authority is thoroughly certain that measures taken under the Smith-Dorrien Governorship, over a dozen years ago, have proved . . . in the best interests of the Service, of both Services, particularly since the Navy has crowded into Gib. as never in the past. The band girls, by the way who are English-Irish, get £3 a week, so let us hope our Puritans will not start a "bring-them-home" campaign, as they did over Malta.

The men organise all possible sport, swimming, rowing, boxing, tennis, football, cricket, and they have their dances and entertainments, and they need them all. The *Nelson* gave a show recently—advertised so:—

"SIDELIGHTS"—On Different Phases of Life. Snappy scenes, impressive items, delightful ditties, exotic events, lively lyrics, interesting interludes, gorgeous "girls," hilarious humour, topical tit-bits, and supreme satisfaction.

And so I leave the men, as it happened, in "Dirty Dick's" where I went the last evening, up Rosia way, lured on by a much-vaunted half-and-half beverage that was to prove not half but all headache.

This is the 232nd year we have held Gibraltar. By post-war development of means it can bolt the Mediterranean more effectively now than ever in the past.

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—*continued.*

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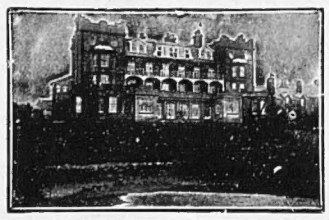

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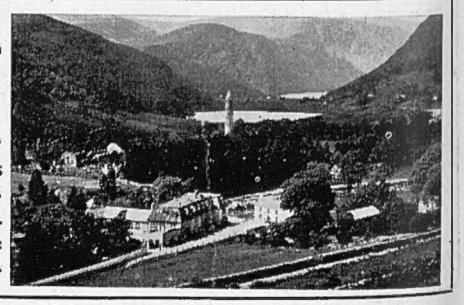

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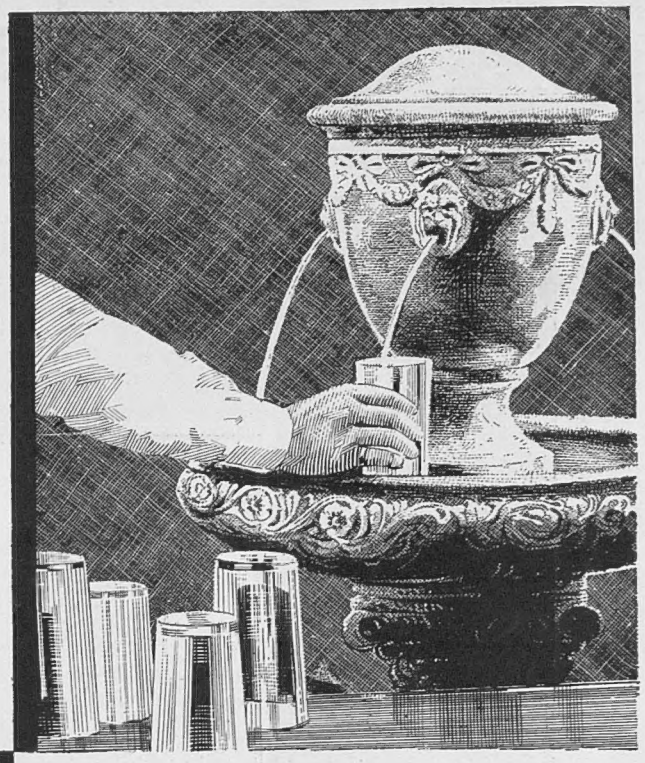

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